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The Nation

Vol. CVII NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1918 No. 2773

THE announcement that British troops are in Baku and in control of parts of the Trans-Caspian Railway is full of romance and has the possibility of great political significance. That British troops should have made the journey successfully from the Mesopotamian front across northwestern Persia and then over the southern Caspian Sea into Baku, beleaguered as that city is by Turkish and Tartar forces, is a feat of courage and of military dash that stands out vividly even in this unparalleled war. It had generally been assumed that the German Pan-Turanian thrust into the Middle East would take its own time in developing. The Georgian Republic, the Tartar communities, and even an Armenian Republic have made peace treaties with Germany, which had been called in as arbiter of the disputes that had broken out between Georgians, Armenians, and Moslem Tartars in the southern Caucasus regions. Baku in this scheme of things was to carry out its great mission of spreading Tartar Kultur. It has not been altogether clear how the Bolshevists and the Armenian volunteers have been able to hold out so long against the Turkish and Tartar besieging forces. Now, suddenly, we are told of British forces in Baku; and even if Baku falls into the hands of the Turkish invaders, British forces are also on the other side of the Caspian along the route of the railway that leads through Samarkand into Siberia. The German imperialist plan of becoming the successor to imperial Russia, with frontiers marching along with those of imperial Britain, is thus, at least for the time being, happily halted. If by any chance Baku holds out, the possibilities for the Allies in the southern Caucasus and even further northward in Russia are exciting enough to stir even the least romantic imagination.

DURING the week the dispatches have been full of speculation as to the exhaustion of German man-power. Another order of Ludendorff's is reported to have been captured which criticises the manning of the front trenches as "too dense in defence." This again betrays an anxiety on the part of Ludendorff to save the "cannon-fodder" with which the General Staff was so lavish in the earlier days of the war. The unsettled conditions in Russia are alleged to be making fresh demands upon the German army for men, and London seems to think that the Germans may possibly have to give up all thought of anything but a defensive policy in the West in order to deal with the growing Russian menace. As to that we shall see what we shall see. If it is true that the Bolsheviki are determined to fight Allied intervention, the situation may be less grave for the Germans than now appears. Even so, however, the question of man-power must be increasingly serious in Germany. More than 70,000 prisoners have been taken since the Allies began their offensive, together with 10,000 machine guns and more than 1,000 heavy cannon. Paris estimates the German losses since July 18 at 360,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and puts the number of dead alone for the period from March 27 to June 17 at 120,000. For the four years of war, according to the same source, there have been 6,000,000 German casualties, with 1,400,000 dead—surely enough, if true, to take the heart out of any body of soldiers, especially when at the same time the prospect of victory steadily fades. It is already necessary in 1918 to call out part of the 1920 class. In addition to all this, there is no doubt that the Spanish influenza is causing severe losses among German soldiers and civilians.

THE week has seen slow but steady progress on the Somme-Oise front, where a new German commander, General von Boehn, the "specialist in retreat," is trying to save what he can. At this writing the Allies have worked their way close to the three important points of Chaulnes, Roye, and Lassigny, being less than two miles from each—indeed, scarcely a mile from the last. If any one of these is lost, and it seems as if any one of them might go whenever General Foch desires to take it, the "specialist" will be hard put to it indeed to avoid withdrawal to the Peronne-Noyon line, with the result of greatly increasing the despondency at home. If it is true, as the Stuttgart *Neues Tageblatt* is quoted as saying, that the German soldiers at the front are demanding peace, we are perhaps on the eve of striking changes in military policy, and there would then be more ground for believing that the Germans have definitely lost the offensive than appears to be warranted now. In the interest of truth it must be pointed out that the Germans have invariably retreated with skill, and they are still resisting stubbornly, but not enough, fortunately, to stop the Allies. The question whether the situation is approaching stabilization prior to the winter deadlock is the one which is interesting the military critics most. It is not yet clear that it is, and prior to a decision on the Chaulnes-Roye-Lassigny line General Foch continues his policy of "nibbling" here and there. Of this policy the brilliant dash near Ribecourt, by which the French gained two miles on a front of nine, is the most interesting example of the week.

WITH more or less success the German submarine stupidity continues off our coasts—accomplishing nothing worth while either from the point of view of *Schrecklickheit* or of real military advantage. The losses inflicted are merely pin-pricks, the ocean traffic is being neither hampered nor delayed, and the movement of troops goes on with astounding skill and speed. The psychological effect is the reverse of what the Germans expect—expect with their usual inability to understand the minds of men beyond their own borders. So far the submarines have sunk only one naval vessel, the cruiser San Diego, and their largest merchant victim was a steamer of 8,173 tons. As for their raid upon the fishermen off the Banks, that was as childish as it was wanton. In British waters the question of food lends some shadow of excuse for sinking trawlers, but the loss of nine or ten fishing schooners here affects the food supply of a hundred million people not at all. Down to date, the submarine campaign on our coasts has netted the Germans sixty-one vessels, only five of which were of 7,000 tons or over. As for the reported attempt to use mustard gas in a coast attack, that was as absurd and wicked as it was contrary to the laws of war.

EDUCATION LIBRARY

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SOME kind of official recognition of the Czecho-Slovaks was probably inevitable, in view of the willingness of the Allies to stir the back-fires of revolution in Austria-Hungary, and the peculiar interest which the progress of the Czecho-Slovak forces in Russia has aroused. The action of Great Britain, however, in formally recognizing the Czecho-Slovaks as a "nation" and their fighting men in Russia, France, and Italy as parts of the Allied armies, raises more questions than it answers. Can a nation be created by fiat? Possibly it can, especially if its members recognize some common central Government and occupy, either by historical right or through the medium of a successful revolution, a defined territory. Neither of these conditions, as it happens, exists clearly in the present case. The ten million or so Czecho-Slovaks are legally Austro-Hungarian subjects, while the territory which they occupy is mainly within the border of Hungary. That they are exceedingly restive under the Austro-Hungarian rule and would gladly see the grip of the Dual Monarchy broken, is well known, but they are not yet in open revolt against the Imperial Government, nor have they set up in Austria-Hungary an independent Government to which they have transferred either legal or nominal allegiance. In recognizing the Czecho-Slovaks as a nation, it would seem that Great Britain has committed itself to the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary as one of the objects of the war. It is possible, with Italy contemplating the dismemberment of Austria by the recognition of the Jugoslavs, and Great Britain contemplating a huge reduction of Hungarian territory by the recognition of the Czecho-Slovaks, that the two parts of the Dual Monarchy, threatened as they are with a common danger, may soon be found drawing together. As for the Czecho-Slovaks in Russia, we know as yet too little of their aims to regard them as other than armed bands whose permanent allegiance is yet to be determined.

WHILE the full text of the reply of the Austrian Social Democratic party to the memorandum of the Inter-Allied Conference has not yet reached us, enough of the document has appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* to show its spirit and aims. Its authors favor an alliance of all peoples in a league of nations to bring about disarmament, and would have all territorial disputes settled on the basis of self-determination. They are opposed to annexations of any kind, and to war indemnities and economic war after the war. They further think that this kind of peace cannot be obtained by the victory of one side or the other in the pending struggle, thus taking practically the position held by Mr. Wilson when he made his declaration for peace without victory in January, 1917. In their opinion, international Socialism should now work with all its force for a negotiated, compromise peace, which the framers of the memorandum believe is possible at this moment; an opinion which not many people, particularly in America, will share or wish to share with them. As for domestic reform, the Austrian Socialists demand the transformation of Austria-Hungary into a federation of autonomous states and the creation of a union of free peoples in the Balkans. They denounce all annexations in Russia by the Central Powers, and declare that they have opposed to the limit of their ability, both in Parliament and in the press, the treaties of Bucharest and Brest-Litovsk, and will continue to oppose all treaties that smack of annexations.

A TOKIO dispatch, held up four days, brings news of food riots and pillage so widespread and menacing that troops have been called out in almost every important city in Japan. The Japanese newspapers, which at first were not permitted to comment on the situation, declared, before being silenced, that the riots express a growing social unrest among the people, and intimated that the Empire is running into a grave social crisis. Apparently, it is the old story: while the war has grown a heavy crop of profiteer-millionaires and *Goulaschbaronen*, it has also raised food prices beyond the reach of the poor. The Japanese Government appears not to have looked after the margin of subsistence closely enough, though having money enough to go to war. Obviously, this is very bad statesmanship. Meantime, the Government has commandeered all the rice supply, and private persons are helping by charitable gifts. All this falls in with the little that we hear from Spain, and with the news of serious labor troubles that comes from South America, notably from Montevideo, where an obstinate general strike has been some time in progress, and as far as press reports tell, still continues. It seems a great pity that with Japan in a dangerous condition which the dispatches intimate is actually verging on revolution, it should be called upon to perform the very delicate task of intervention in Siberia. The latter not only requires the utmost disinterestedness, but also presupposes a freedom from temptation even more than from distraction. If Japan is in anything like the condition indicated by the Tokio dispatch, it must be lamentably beset by both. Meanwhile, this grave news from Japan and Uruguay recalls our own Mr. Winston Churchill's assertion of last December that the war had settled down on both sides to a race with revolution.

THE decision of the Government to wire the casualty lists to three distributing centres, whence they are to be mailed to the newspapers of the country for simultaneous release, is as wise as it was inevitable. Undoubtedly the irregularity of the mails—in regard to which the *Nation* receives daily evidence from subscribers who fail to receive their copies—will result in the failure of all the newspapers to publish the lists at the same time, but there is no better method to be devised. In England the newspapers have long since abandoned the idea of printing all the names, only those of officers now being given; in France their publication has never been permitted. Here, the handling of the lists by the press associations has already seriously clogged the wires to the impairment of the regular news service, notwithstanding the fact that the War Department is not giving out the names of those who have been either gassed or slightly wounded. This is probably defensible so far as a soldier's relatives are concerned, but it is regrettable from the statistical point of view. Thus our published losses in the second battle of the Marne comprise only the dead, severely wounded, and missing, which makes it impossible to contrast our losses with the weekly casualty lists of the English and so to understand just what the battle cost us.

PRESIDENT WILSON and Secretary Baker have joined in giving a clean bill of health to the State Councils of Defence. Mr. Baker, in a report to the President, characterized the State Councils as "now in a special sense the guardians of civil morale in each State." Mr. Wilson, who had "read with great interest" Mr. Baker's report and

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found it "a notable record," declared that he was "particularly struck by the value of extending our defence organization into the smallest communities, and by the truly democratic character of a national system so organized," and recommended that the State Councils be utilized hereafter as much as possible by Federal executive departments and administrations. This sweeping endorsement, we feel confident, will not fail to be appreciated by the Nebraska Council of Defence, which has undertaken, in spite of the State Railway Commission, to prohibit the use of any language except English over telephones as well as in business houses, on trains, and in conversations in public places; and one of whose members, testifying recently in an injunction case brought by the Non-Partisan League against the Council, admitted, according to a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, that his mill had earned $40,000 during the first year of the war, in addition to paying him a salary of $1,200 a month as manager; or by the county Councils of Defence in the same State, most of which have arbitrarily fixed the individual quotas of Red Cross contributions without consulting any of the persons assessed; or by the North Dakota Council of Defence, a number of whose county members are reported to be facing damage suits aggregating thus far $325,000 for interference with the Non-Partisan League, and whose right to exercise legislative, judicial, police, and administrative powers may shortly be tested on constitutional grounds.

A RECENTLY published report of the operations of the War Library Service of the American Library Association, from October 4, 1917, to June 20 of the present year, shows a praiseworthy record of achievement. During the period covered by the report, 36 camp library buildings have been erected and 41 large camp libraries established. In addition, 91 hospitals and Red Cross houses and 1,323 branches or stations of the Y. M. C. A. and Knights of Columbus, besides 237 small military camps and posts and 249 naval or marine stations and vessels, have been equipped with book collections. The number of books purchased, most of them of a technical sort, aggregates 411,505 volumes, while 385,310 volumes have been shipped overseas. The total recorded number of gift books in use is 2,100,000, to which are to be added many thousands of volumes which have been collected and distributed through local libraries, but of which no record has been kept. To this imposing provision of reading matter are to be added several million magazines, the larger number being the so-called "Burleson" magazines which the Post Office Department collects and distributes. For the care and administration of these various libraries some 212 librarians are available. The prospective monthly expenditure of the War Library Service from July 1 is expected to amount to at least $150,000.

SO far the President has had little luck with his interference in Congressional and Senatorial elections. Representative George Huddleston, of Alabama, whom the President declared to have been "in every way opposed to the Administration," was triumphantly renominated by a heavy majority on Tuesday. This, of course, means reëlection. On the other hand, Senator William E. Chilton, of West Virginia, in whose behalf the President declared he could not interfere because taking sides would be met "with justifiable resentment," but who nevertheless had the Chief Magistrate's indirect approval since he was not denounced, is only fifteen votes ahead of his opponent, and a recount will be necessary to determine who is nominated. Somehow this does not look as if the American electorate were disposed to take directions from the White House as to how it should vote. We must wait until the Mississippi primary to see how Senator Vardaman fares before we get final light, and watch South Carolina, where, after first declining to interfere, the President has now let it be known that he wishes the defeat of Cole Blease because it is certain that Blease would not be a friend of the Administration. The outcome in Mr. Huddleston's case is the more interesting because Congressmen William Gordon and Robert Crosser, of Cleveland, both useful, liberal-minded men of independent thought and action as well as anti-militarists, have been defeated for renomination on the ground that they were not sufficiently for the war, and this, too, notwithstanding that the President was silent about them.

TWENTY-SIX suffragists have been put in jail at Washington because they assembled in front of the White House in an orderly demonstration on behalf of the Susan B. Anthony amendment. In our judgment, the demonstration was an egregious tactical blunder; moreover, in view of President Wilson's strong letter urging the Senate to favorable action, it seems as unkind as it was uncalled for. We cannot, therefore, sympathize with the suffragists in any loss of public favor that their action may cause them to sustain. Nevertheless, we cannot for a moment admit any justification for such an egregious violation of their constitutional rights. The right of peaceable assembly belongs to them by the fundamental law of the land, irrespective of any question of tact or formal propriety. They have the right of petition for the redress of grievances, whether the grievances be real or imaginary. That these women should have been seized and herded into jail either upon some technical fiction or upon the mere right of might is a lawless use of the police power of a great civilization.

THE discussion which is taking place regarding the future of the public-school lecture system in New York has an interest far beyond that city and its immediate vicinity. Under the late Dr. Henry M. Leipziger, the founder and long the director of the system, the scheme of free public lectures in school buildings or other community centres was extended to all parts of Greater New York and served as a model for similar, though less ambitious, enterprises elsewhere. Like most educational experiments, however, the system has not been perfect. The choice of topics, for example, has not always been happy, and there has been criticism that the suggestions made by various lecture centres regarding the kind of lectures that were desired were sometimes disregarded. The discussion over the continuance of the lectures, which appears tc be widely desired, and the reorganization of the system, which it is conceded is advisable, has turned thus far chiefly upon two points. On the one hand, it is urged that the lectures ought to deal more largely with the war and the closely related subject of Americanization. On the other hand, some who urge most strongly the continuance of the lectures would like to limit the scope of the after-discussion, on the ground that a free forum of this sort, unless skilfully handled, tends to become too radical. The Board of Education, meantime, is delaying action.

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A Real Army Created

THE high praise of the discipline and bravery of our American troops voiced this week by General Humbert and other French leaders cannot be passed by as merely Gallic politeness. There is no doubt that our troops have acquitted themselves remarkably; that under fire they have borne themselves with a composure and an *élan* which have astounded the beholder. While our generals are still to be tested in large-scale operations, both as corps and as army commanders, there can be no question that a real army, as opposed to an aggregation of troops, has been created within fifteen months, and that a system of training has been devised which has produced astounding results—so astounding that we are inclined to believe that they are even more remarkable than the extraordinary dispatch of troops across the seas made possible by the equally extraordinary speeding up of ships and the successful provision of subsistence and military supplies for our troops in France.

We are the more impressed with the showing made because at the outset of the war there did not appear to be the prospect of any such satisfactory result. The lack of preparedness was by no means wholly due to our being a non-military nation. Our professional soldiers had shown neither flexibility of mind nor readiness to adapt themselves to new conditions sufficient to encourage the onlooker. Three years or more after the beginning of the war they were still teaching the old tactics at West Point, and were neither digging trenches nor giving instruction in bombing. The interest in sports at the Military Academy was apparently greater than in the study of the tactics of the greatest of wars; quizzes and group meetings of the teachers, to follow the strategy day by day, were almost unknown. Nor had the handling of the militia during the Mexican trouble in 1916 given grounds for the belief that the regular army had really aroused itself. But the miracle has happened, and the most confirmed doubters may now the more willingly acclaim it.

In doing so, however, we must not fail to give credit to the hundreds of foreign instructors who have done yeoman work on this side of the water, and to the severe course of training on the other side, severe in its discipline, severe in its incessant drill. It is true that at first some of the English officers were not noticeably impressed with our officer material; in France one British officer of high rank remarked quite frankly of the first arrivals that we had a "fine commander-in-chief and some tip-top young reserve officers." The regular army men were not at all to his taste. But somehow or other a change evidently did take place, and in it the infusion of young enthusiastic graduates of the officers' training camps doubtless had its part. The latter were ignorant of regular army red tape and routine; if they could at first be seen drilling their men with a copy of the drill-book in their hands, they made up for it by their zeal and devotion. If what we hear is true, the conduct of these thousands of officers has been exemplary. The percentage of offences against discipline has been extremely low. Those who were sent home for unfitness or misconduct came back crushed; a transport captain declares that nothing has moved him so much as the state of mind of these cashiered officers, particularly those who have been found wanting for no moral or spiritual fault. In the main, the officers have set a fine example to their men.

Of course, there was much unevenness of training displayed when the men reached France. Some of the best regular regiments which had been in Mexico were cut in half, then tripled in size by the addition of hundreds of recruits, and finally shipped to France before the new material was digested. But they quickly pulled themselves together under French and British guidance and are now, notably the Ninth, Twenty-sixth, and Sixteenth Infantry, fairly to be classed as veterans. Rapid promotion has brought younger officers to the front; many new organizations now training in this country have as colonels young men who were captains and majors eight months ago; and as the struggle goes on still younger men will come to the front and the service will profit thereby. But it is still a war of captains and subalterns; the heavy mortality among lieutenants still gives the latter the right to call themselves "the suicides' club." With American troops in France for sixteen months, we have not yet lost a single general, and only two colonels have been killed by enemy fire. It is our subalterns who are winning so much praise.

It is precisely in this respect that our army has been such a surprise to the Germans. They knew, of course, that we could put large numbers of men under arms, but they counted upon their being only men in uniform, not soldiers. The Germans were certain that we could not give our men the discipline which they cover with the word *Manneszucht*, that politics would be rife in the army, and that incompetency of one kind or another would prevail as in the past. They have been so certain of the superiority of their own discipline and their general efficiency that they could not believe that we would take up the creation of an army with the proper military spirit when we had never really demonstrated it before. They read how we rushed half-trained levies into battle in the Civil and Spanish Wars, and then let the regiments dwindle to mere handfuls of men after they had become veterans; and they counted upon a repetition of these historic military blunders. It is no wonder that Herr Heinken, the head of the North German Lloyd, and other Germans familiar with American conditions, are amazed at the thoroughness with which our military work has been done.

Neither our officers nor our men are mere thinking bayonets; they have, what is more unusual, imagination and initiative in addition to other desirable but less usual American traits. Undoubtedly, as General March suggested last week, their freshness and aggressiveness show up especially well in contrast with the war-worn French and British troops, but we are inclined to think they have in addition merits all their own. We do not agree with General March's braggadocio to the effect that if we have 4,000,000 men in France next year we can go through the German line at will. For our allies' sake alone this had been much better left unsaid; other millions of as gallant men as ever lived have tried to do that and failed. Nevertheless, the country may well take pride in its troops. In their training system and its results they are far better than any American troops that ever went to battle; there are no scandals, and, to Mr. Wilson's and Mr. Baker's lasting credit be it said, no politics and no favoritism in the army. Its commanding general is supreme and unhampered, and while men are still men in France, and all the frailties are not left behind at the embarkation points, it is safe to say that no more sober or well-behaved army was ever assembled, certainly never under the American flag.

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Is the Constitution Passing?

IT is a little more than ten years since a member of the New York bar, Mr. Franklin Pierce, in a book entitled "Federal Usurpation," called attention sharply to the forces of centralization which were rapidly, and as he believed dangerously, transforming the American constitutional system. What interested Mr. Pierce was not only the steady encroachment of the Federal Government upon the historical sphere of the States, but also the portentous enlargement of governmental authority within the Federal domain itself. Of the numerous directions in which a process thus given impressive sanction was actually working, Mr. Pierce was able to present many striking illustrations.

The extent to which the infection has actually spread, however, has nowhere been more startlingly shown of late than in the proposal, seriously put forward by the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, to tax the salaries of the President and the Federal judges. Why, now that pretty much everybody and everything is being levied upon to meet the cost of the war, these salaries have not already been taxed, every schoolboy knows. Such a tax is forbidden by the Constitution. The sections of the Constitution which provide for the compensation of the President and the judges expressly stipulate that such compensation shall not be diminished during their terms of office. No legal learning is needed to show that a tax, whatever its form or ultimate purpose, would be in effect a diminution of the emolument upon which it was levied, and the integrity of which the Constitution expressly guarantees. The purpose of the constitutional provision, too, is equally clear. The exemption of the salaries of the President and the judges from diminution was not provided for in order that the one might become a species of unapproachable monarch or the others an aristocratic class apart, and least of all to enable either of them to enjoy a comfortable income at the expense of the tax-paying public; but solely for the purpose of safeguarding their constitutional independence, and enabling them to perform their constitutional duties without invasion of their purse by a hostile or partisan Congress.

All this, however, carries no weight with the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. The supposed constitutional exemption, it is now suggested, is only a matter of inference, and of questionable inference, too. The opinion of Attorney-General Hoar, given in 1869, that the taxation of Federal judges would be a diminution of their salaries, is nearly fifty years old, and times have changed. Moreover, the Supreme Court has not passed upon the question, either with reference to judicial salaries or to the salary of the President. Now, however, the country is at war. There is great need of revenue, and everybody must do his bit. It is irritating, almost scandalous—so runs the argument—to think of the President and the judges sitting in lofty isolation, secure in their incomes no matter how much all other incomes are drained, sharing none of the burdens which weight the common man. The Constitution was made for men, not men for the Constitution. So on with the schedule and the impost; let revenue be unconfined.

We have no disposition to argue the technical constitutional point. Frankly, it does not seem to us worth arguing. The Constitutional provision is clear, and the Ways and Means Committee has no case. That such a proposition as the Committee has advanced can be seriously urged upon Congress, however, is strikingly symptomatic. For years we have been, directly or indirectly, violating the Constitution. Lincoln violated it in his wholesale suspension of the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus during the Civil War. Much of the Republican policy of reconstruction rested upon theories of constitutional power which are now generally recognized as unsound. It would be hard to find in the Constitution a warrant for the imposition of protective tariffs, for our harsh treatment of Japanese and Chinese laborers, for Presidential interference in State elections, for Federal regulation of wages and prices, or for such censorship of the press as now obtains.

The position of the United States as a constitutional government is to-day unique. Our Constitution is a written instrument. The laws which have been passed under its authority, like the court decisions which have interpreted its words and phrases, have applied its provisions to a vast range of incidents never contemplated by its framers. Step by step, however, the Constitution itself has been relegated to the background. The extraordinary development of extra-constitutional power since the Civil War, outside of and beyond the Constitution rather than violative of it, has tended to encourage for nearly two generations a popular habit of mind which looks upon the Constitution less as a fundamental law to be observed than as a mere collection of general principles to be stretched and applied to almost any situation that arises. To such a view the Supreme Court, in a number of decisions whose judicial soundness good lawyers still debate, has by inference lent the weight of its authority. And now that the supreme crisis of war is upon us, the few constitutional restraints that were left to us when the war began threaten to disappear before a new flood of executive and Congressional usurpation.

The *Nation* holds no brief for a narrow or technical construction of constitutional provisions. A Constitution is a living thing, and must grow and develop as the national life itself expands. But the lawlessness which has long been our national disgrace, and which President Wilson, in the most humiliating state paper in our history, has admirably rebuked, is only the natural outcome of a national spirit which has more and more held both Constitution and laws in light esteem, and steered the nation's course by the uncertain light of party expediency or class desire rather than by the precepts and limitations of fundamental law. It seems not to have occurred to either Congress or the Administration that an overriding of the Constitution for reasons that seem to them good is a direct encouragement to every lawless or self-seeking individual in the country to evade or violate the law whenever he feels himself strong enough to do so with safety. What is most to be desired is that the United States should emerge from the war not only confirmed in its democratic faith, but also fixed in its regard for law. It will not help the attainment of that great end to go on making of the Federal Constitution a scrap of paper, or substituting administrative orders or unconstitutional statutes for the recognized law of the land. If the Constitution is defective, there are constitutional ways by which it can be amended. The greatest danger that confronts it is that it will neither be adjudged defective nor be amended, but that it will be ignored.

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Russia and Intervention

FROM the beginning the *Nation*, as its readers know, has been opposed to military intervention of any sort in Russia. That opposition has not been based upon any extravagant notions regarding the aims or accomplishments of the Russian revolution, nor upon an overweening fondness for the principles or methods of the Bolsheviki, nor yet upon the imputation to the United States or the Allies of selfish and ignoble motives. We have realized to the full the gravity of the German menace and the desirability of enlisting Russia on the side of the Allies if Russia is to fight at all. Our opposition to armed intervention, regardless of whether the force be large or small, has had quite different grounds. We have from the first believed, and still believe, that the whole truth about Russia has not been told, that important facts unfavorable to the Allied view have been deliberately withheld, and that both the nature and work of the Soviet Government have been in important respects systematically misrepresented and discredited. More than that, we have felt that the appearance of an armed force in Russia, no matter with what professions of high purpose it might be heralded, was not only likely to help rather than hinder the German designs, but was almost certain to arouse, in large sections of the Russian people, feelings of deep and lasting resentment at the coercion to which the country was henceforth to be subjected.

The resort to military intervention is all the more regrettable because, as it seems to us, an opportunity for helping Russia in other more useful and sounder ways has in the meantime been lost. What Russia has needed for months past is the sympathy and forbearance of the Governments which were once its friends. Its efforts to reconstruct its society upon a democratic basis, novel and groping as some of those attempts apparently have been, have merited some better form of recognition than cold and critical neglect. The humiliating peace of Brest-Litovsk need never have been made had not the Allies and the United States, with amazing blindness, turned a deaf ear to the Russian appeal to be represented in the conference. The rehabilitation of Russian industry, agriculture, and commerce, without which Russia could not hope to regain a place among the nations, might at any time have been begun, and with small likelihood of thereby replenishing Germany's exhausted stores to any appreciable extent, if only the Allies had permitted foreign trade to be resumed. And even if the economic revival had been small, the supplies of food and clothing needed to cope with widespread hunger and nakedness, and the medical resources necessary to combat epidemic disease, might still have been introduced with beneficent results had not the American Red Cross folded its arms. This much at least a Christian civilization might have done without calling to its aid a single soldier.

Now, however, that armed intervention has begun, it is for the American and Allied peoples to wish it well. Whatever the mistakes of the past, they must now if possible be remedied. We have an unparalleled opportunity to put into practice, albeit on a vast scale and under complicated and difficult circumstances, the principles of disinterestedness and good will which the Allied Governments, in formal announcements, have proclaimed. If there is anarchy in Russia, it should now be replaced by order and the reign of law. If the Czecho-Slovaks turn out to be more concerned to win some political advantage for themselves or appropriate some portion of Russian territory than to fight the Central Powers on the eastern or western fronts, their spectacular career as a distinct force should be terminated without delay. There ought certainly to be no time lost in repairing and equipping the railways, reopening factories, restoring foreign and domestic commerce, distributing food and other necessaries, checking typhus and cholera, and opening the schools and the universities.

These are some of the material things for which the American and Allied commanders, backed by the sympathetic support of their Governments, ought now to pave the way. Great as they are, however, they are small in comparison with the task of political rehabilitation. Here, more than anywhere else, the disinterestedness of the Allies will be tested. If, in spite of the presence of a military force, there can now be brought about in Russia a free and full expression of political opinion in elections which are neither corrupted nor coerced, it will be an international achievement worthy of all praise. The difficulties, it must be admitted, are great. Precisely what form of government best suits the Russian needs is a question on which the Russian people themselves have not yet spoken with a clear voice. The temptation will be strong, with those who now have military force at their command, to cut the Gordian knot and impose upon Russia a form of government which will best suit some ulterior purpose of the Entente. There are powerful influences ready to restore Kerensky, and others equally ready to keep him from power at any cost. A cunningly contrived division of Russia into several states is a very real danger. All this, with international intrigues and secret schemes of every sort, the Allied Powers must resist if through their efforts Russia is to be free. The world waits for the first example in history of a great nation, upon which the fortunes of war have brought evil days, restored to liberty, health, and power, without force or fraud, by the unselfish help of a group of sister states. And while this good work goes on, let us have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about Russia.

Honors, Medals, and Titles

I hope the Government will realize that they are making a world whose conventions it will soon be quite impossible to obey. Personally, I am lost in it. Half my earlier acquaintances are unknown to me. I am (I proclaim the shameful fact) a wretched, untitled Commoner. I stand naked to the world without an affix or prefix to my name. Not so with my neighbors in club and chamber. A few are peers whose names I can never remember at the moment when I am called on to address them. Others are baronets and knights whom I dare not write to, for I am sure to get their titles wrong. Most of the rest are X. Y. Z.'s of some infernal order or another of whose creation even (to say nothing of its hierarchical plan) I am absolutely ignorant. So, though naturally fond of society, I live in a sort of haughty exclusiveness with a forgotten Commoner or two to share it, but really in a world as bare as Connemara.

THUS writes the editor of the London *Nation* in mock despair. And he adds that if he only had some influence with the Prime Minister he would ask him to stop the rain of titles, or at least avert it from people whose society the editor used to enjoy. On the other side of the political fence a conservative member of Parliament bewails in the *Morning Post* the "rapid depreciation of the measure of

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esteem in which hereditary rank is held by the public, an esteem that can have no other support than its roots deep down in that national history which should be one of our most cherished inheritances." He envies the French because they have "an aristocracy informal but yet impressive, and with the advantage that its ranks are closed, so that it cannot be submerged in an artificial flood of new men; thus it can retain the flavor of the national history and the interest even to foreigners which thence arises."

In Canada, too, the rage for titles is on, or at least it was until a sharp debate in Parliament upon a motion to abolish all titles was defeated by a handful of votes. Sir Wilfrid Laurier helped the cause of democracy by offering to throw his own title on the bonfire, but Sir Robert Borden fought successfully to kill the resolution, substituting one that no honors be awarded save with the consent of the Dominion Cabinet. A couple of hundred titles are said to have been "won" in Canada since the war began, and the dissatisfaction therewith has been marked. Canadians have felt a certain incongruity in the knighting of butcher and baker in a war to make the world safe from autocracy and aristocracy. We Americans are in no such dilemma. Not that we are without many who would gladly have us imitate some of our allies in this respect. We have been extraordinarily imitative ever since we got into the war, even to the extent of adopting all the lingo of the other fellow—"slackers," "over the top," "blighty," "cootie," etc. We have not only subordinated and coördinated our military forces with the veterans of France and England; we have likewise, in the common endeavor for the common purpose, subordinated mental originality.

This question of foreign distinctions comes home to us now because we read of Allied generals pinning military medals on American soldiers, and then, *horribile dictu*, kissing the men on both cheeks—a formality which we are sure General Pershing will not imitate; of King George offering our generals membership in orders, the mere suggestion of which a few years ago would have fired those anti-British newspapers which for years insisted that the editor of the *Nation* took Cobden Club gold because he believed in free trade and in fair play to England. We have read, we confess with regret, a denial that two of our admirals had decided to return their foreign decorations. To some this refusal would appear ungracious, but a good many Americans have declined decorations and titles in the past, and the precedent is a good one to follow. Nevertheless, one of our military journals asserts that it is not only desirable that our officers hold to these rewards, but that it is our duty to devise at once some similar decorations, in order that this republic may reciprocate by "conferring" suitable medals "upon members of the Allied military and naval forces who render conspicuous services."

We feel compelled to believe that Americans can adequately reward their own heroes while still profiting by a few of the teachings of our forefathers. One recalls George Washington, to say nothing of plain Benjamin Franklin, one Thomas Jefferson, and a certain Alexander Hamilton. We cannot think that a dozen decorations would have added to their worth or dignity or their claim to immortality. Congress has made it legal to accept foreign decorations. We wish that in safeguarding the world for democracy our superb soldiery might decline to make use of the privilege extended, except the medals for bravery in battle, and thus win additional honors for themselves and their country.

The Unconquerable Human

WHAT could "prop in these sad days our mind" were it not for continual reminders of the great victorious stretch of humanity that so abundantly overlives the chicane of statesmanship, the misfeasances of diplomacy, the horrors of war, and all that bulks largest in the public eye? The few European observers who really look beneath the surface of things agree that the most encouraging and hope-inspiring reality they encounter is the invincible persistence of the individual, his unconquerable tendency to go on in fixed ways. In the battle of Jutland a British destroyer, disabled, red-hot, was on the point of blowing up when the commander ordered all hands on deck to leave ship. The last two came up from the furnace-room, conversing on the way; and as they stepped out of the hatch, stripped, sweating, filthy, one was heard to say, "And the next time I caught 'im sober, I says to 'im, 'Ain't you ashamed of yerself, a fine upstandin' churchgoin' man like you, a-marryin' of a thing like 'er?'"

Here is the large utterance of the early gods, the sublime consciousness that, as Whitman says, the whole theory of the universe is directed to one single individual—namely, to You. How glorious a testimony that the human spirit, made in the image of the Archindividualist, may not be finally dominated by the external and incidental, may not finally admit that anything in the world is greater than itself! Placid, intent, triumphant, it goes on amid whatever circumstances, cleaving to the end to its self-appointed way. "You may destroy the shell of Anaxarchus, but himself you cannot reach." *Punch* draws a memorable picture of a torpedoed steamship plunging down by the bows, and in the foreground, amidst swelling waves, two sailors clinging to opposite sides of a bit of wreckage, submerged to their shoulders, one saying to the other, "And as I was a-sayin', Bill, when we was interrupted, it's allers been my belief as 'ow the submarine blokes ain't in 'arf the danger as the chaps wot run the blinkin' 'planes." This is not the light humor of extravagance; it is the portrayal of stark essential humanity; and those who can discern and exhibit this are the true artists whom the unchanging human spirit will appreciate as its best benefactors and will not willingly let die.

Thus it is that posterity, taking a more objective view of current happenings than is possible for us, will catch up and cherish a Bairnsfather while contentedly letting the dust deepen on a hundred Raemaekerses. So, too, a book like Edward E. Hunt's slender little "Tales from a Famished Land" has an actuarial expectation far beyond the prodigious ruck of "human interest" narrative in which there is nothing essentially human. So, also, with all those records of simple personal experience, whether of war or of daily common life, which exhibit normal men and women in their ordinary round. There is little, very little, in the public activities of mankind at present that has not the mark of Dagon upon it; little, therefore, can the mark of the children of light be reflected in current art and literature. Yet in a perverse social order, humanity manages somehow to get on with its normal kindliness and goodness; and this is enough to avert despair and sustain a sometimes faltering hope of the race, for it is an unmistakable earnest of "the ideal life which is nothing but man's normal life as we shall some day come to know it."

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What American Labor Does Not See

By ALBERT JAY NOCK

FROM the point of view of the state, on the broadest interpretation of Machiavelli's maxim that it is the first duty of the state to keep itself rich and its people poor, modern war is coming increasingly to appear an extremely hazardous enterprise. Short wars, at not too long intervals, are the only ones that may be depended on nowadays to strengthen the state. They make trade brisk and create new centres of industry, and at the same time do not make disabling demands on the labor supply or alter too unfavorably the terms upon which labor may be had. The Spanish War is an excellent illustration of a profitable war; and England's recent series of small foreign wars, ending with the Boer War, was immensely profitable. But to lay out specifications for such a war now, with any kind of assurance that they can be followed, is very difficult and hereafter doubtless will be quite impossible. The Boer War itself showed how easily an enterprise which at the outset looked fairly safe might turn out disastrously. It improved trade and opened some new markets, but on the other hand it put the finishing touches on the education of British labor and made immense inroads upon the stability of the landholding classes. Even Lord Milner would probably now admit that the Boer War, all things considered, cost more than it came to. The earth's surface is so well plotted, spheres of influence are so close together, and international jealousy and watchfulness are so keen, that there is simply no telling when a war begun in good faith as a profitable short-time enterprise may suddenly go wrong and pass the point of diminishing returns.

The trouble is that as soon as war becomes of any magnitude its effect is to strengthen the position and enlarge the advantages of the very classes which normally it weakens and subdues. No clearer intimation of this fact could be found than the one given by President Wilson to his party organization in New Jersey. Modern war needs so much material and so many men, not only as fighters but as labor-motors, that when practiced on even a moderate scale the demand presses heavily on the supply, and labor approximates something like the terms of a monopoly. This is extremely bad for the state. As an organization of what some Continental economists call the "political means" of satisfying human desires—namely, the appropriation of the fruit of others' labor without compensation—obviously the state cannot suffer such an encroachment of the "economic means" without great and permanent detriment. Hence, when the state undertakes war on a large scale, it must employ its best energies in masterly accommodations for the sake of salvaging as much as possible of its power and prestige. Conscription of labor was possible a very long time ago, but now, unfortunately for itself, no state, not even Germany, may seriously attempt it. The state, accordingly, must keep continuously to the minimum of concession and compromise, meanwhile using every force of sentiment and persuasion to secure from labor a maximum voluntary surrender of its advantages; and the final position of the state depends chiefly on the skill which it has shown in carrying on this difficult process.

The Wilson Administration has from the beginning taken wise and able measures with labor. In comparison, for example, with British labor, labor in the United States has had a very imperfectly developed philosophy. A long course of protectionist arguments has trained it to know nothing, officially at least, of the difference between real and apparent wages, the foundation of monopoly and its relation to wages and prices, and the general *raison d'être* of the phenomenon of a propertyless dependent class existing in such numbers as are found in a country like the United States. It does its thinking in trade-unionist terms—terms of wages, hours, conditions of labor, and "the higgling of the market." Here, then, the state has a great advantage. It can make most effective and satisfying concessions without seriously impairing its own position; and the Wilson Administration has done magnificently with the advantage presented, from the "Great Surrender" at the time of the threatened railway strike in 1916 down to the last act of the Walsh-Taft Board. It has made superb concessions in the matter of hours; its stand on the eight-hour day is almost spectacular. It has in principle overriden the Supreme Court in deference to the unionist objection to child labor. As for "the higgling of the market," it has granted workers in strongholds of non-unionism like Bethlehem and the packing industry the right to organize and to do collective bargaining. In the case of Bethlehem, it has ordered the revision or the complete elimination of the company's bonus system, readjustment of the piece rates, a minimum wage, the eight-hour day, overtime, and equal pay for equal work as between men and women.

Nothing could be better. The Government has given trade unionism precisely what trade unionism has all these years been asking for, and given it with no mean or reluctant hand. It has solidified trade unionist principles and policies and carried them further in eighteen months than the unions themselves could have carried them in eighteen years; and by so doing, without forfeiture of a single essential prerogative of its own, it has earned the gratitude and allegiance of organized labor in perpetuity. In short, it has done with trade unionists what Germany did with the old-time Marxians in the early days of the Confederation, and with the result, here as there, that the power and prestige of the state will be immeasurably enhanced. The Wilson Administration deserves credit for this admirably wise and forethoughtful performance as probably its greatest achievement. Yet in the mean time prices have been running a little high. Consumers and employers, salaried persons, and in general those who are out of Mr. Gompers's purview, have seen that, in relation to prices, the competitive increase in wages with the concomitant huge labor turnover has become a game of outrunning the constable. The Government, accordingly, seeks sanction from the placated trade unions for a further step in state Socialism, namely, the mobilization and direction of all the low-grade labor available, amounting to more than four-fifths of all the labor in the country, and for a comprehensive plan of wage-fixing.

This will undoubtedly be acceptable. As far as low-grade labor is concerned, trade unionism is not greatly impressed with responsibility as its brother's keeper. Since the War Labor Policies Board has given assurance that the

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precedents of unionized industry are to be followed, trade unionism will probably see no cause for alarm in the proposed standardization of wages. Generally, no doubt, wage levels will remain as high as they are, and in many industries they will go higher. They will not, however, by any means go as high as they would if the "higgling of the market" were permitted freely to continue; and here is the first concession that the plan demands from trade unionism. It is not actually important. Labor must give up something in prospective apparent wages, but considered in real or absolute wages the sacrifice amounts to very little. There is a further concession, however, intimated in the Board's statement. To quote Mr. Frankfurter:

> The Policies Board would have hesitated to ask labor to make whatever sacrifices wage-standardization involves, if the proper safeguards had not been erected. If profiteering had been allowed to go on unchecked and the cost of living had not been controlled, standardization would not have been right. Congress through the taxes on excess profits, the War Industries Board through its price-fixing, the President through the veto of $2.40 wheat, have prepared the way for standardization of wages. Additional methods of keeping down the cost of living are being investigated at this time. All these measures, past and pending, have revealed the determination of the American people to let no one make money out of the war. What price-fixing means for the manufacturer, wage-standardization is to the workers of the country.

Some criticism might be made of Mr. Frankfurter's special pleading even from the standpoint of trade unionism. The tax on excess profits, for instance, is relatively not much more than a gesture. The average rate is about 31 per cent. Mr. Amos Pinchot, in a letter to the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, tabulates the earnings of only 287 of our more important business concerns from 1911 to 1918, and finds that they have made in excess of the pre-war average over a billion and a half dollars; and he observes that if the English rate of 80 per cent. were levied on these companies alone, it would produce two-thirds of the total sum which the Treasury expects to raise from excess-profits taxes. Again, it might be said that price-fixing on the basis of a high fixed price for a whole industry, low-cost and high-cost companies alike, does not mean to the manufacturer quite what wage standardization means to the worker when "the precedents of unionized industry" are followed. Again, considering the fixed price on wheat, trade unionism might raise some question about the position of cotton—as a purely academic question, of course, since trade unionism has no official concern with farming interests. As to "the determination of the American people to let no one make money out of the war," trade unionism might find in these words of Mr. Pinchot a reasonable common measure of sacrifice as between employer and employed:

> The corporations that are performing the tremendous work of supplying the Government with war materials should be encouraged. They should be well paid for their efficient and valuable services in helping to beat the Kaiser. But it seems a little too much that the public should have to pay fifteen hundred million dollars a year to less than three hundred companies in order to keep them on the job and key them to the necessary degree of patriotic activity. After all, intense as may be the patriotic effort of the executives and stockholders of these companies, it amounts to a lesser sacrifice than does the effort of our officers and common soldiers in France, who are facing death on the firing-line for a much smaller reward.

All this, however, is incidental, and the sacrifice involved is relatively insignificant. The supreme and pitiable sacrifice of advantage enforced upon American trade unionism is the sacrifice of progress. By its *liaison* with the state, trade unionism has condemned itself to an indefinite and stultifying satisfaction with its own grotesquely imperfect philosophy; and for this there seems to be no help. The state has met it upon its own ground and now it may not easily choose another; nay, it has foregone the discipline and information necessary to enable it to choose another. The consequence is that American trade unionism has and will have nothing whatever to offer in the councils of international labor; it has abdicated its place of vantage in favor of the state. Mr. Boardman Robinson's extraordinarily powerful and impressive cartoon in the current issue of the *Liberator* tells the whole story. The British Labor party opens its membership to brain workers, thereby establishing immediate and animating contact with the best that is being thought and said in the world; it sets forth a programme of social reconstruction that is the admiration of mankind. American trade unionism cuts itself off from every enlightening and liberalizing influence, and has nothing better to offer its British brethren than peevish exhortations to get on with the war.

The war has stimulated Continental labor to a diligent study of the history and philosophy of state development; it has considered the nature of the state by the light of such spirits as Turgot, Quesnay, the elder Mirabeau, Hertzka, Gumplowicz, Tolstoy, and in this country Thomas Jefferson and Henry George. Immediately after the revolution, Russian labor brought forth the magnificent idea of a purely administrative and non-political government, and, albeit with every man's hand against it, set to work manfully to realize the conception. American trade unionism meets all this with disquisitions on collective bargaining and the virtues of the union label. European labor has determined the diffusion of ownership as the essential mark of democracy; it has come to the belief that whatever form the mechanics of government assume, those who own rule, and rule because they own. American trade unionism contentedly accepts the current notion of democracy as a state of things in which most men and some women have a vote. European labor is fast making up its mind that natural-resource monopoly, the monopoly of economic opportunity, is solely responsible for President Wilson's "economic serfdom" and for the existence of a propertyless laboring class. American trade unionism exhibits not the slightest organized interest in these matters, but remains content in the contemplation of shorter hours and increased apparent wages.

Here, indeed, are the stigmata of abject sacrifice. This self-immolation of labor is immeasurably advantageous to the state. It is an indispensable preliminary to the free exercise of all the state's traditional means of self-defence and instruments of self-aggrandizement. It opens the way for a régime of high protective tariffs, state-directed industry of the Prussian type, financial control of domestic and foreign policy, violent competition for foreign markets —in a word, for imperialism. But to labor itself, as we see in the case of Germany, where a similar policy has been worked out to practical perfection, it brings nothing in the end but appalling calamity—"the madness and misery," as Epictetus finely says, "of one who uses the appearance of things as the measure of their reality and uses it all wrong." It brings nothing but calamity to the nation, and through the nation, nothing but calamity to the world.

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The Russian Coöperative Movement

By ISAAC J. SHERMAN

IT will probably surprise many American readers, as it certainly would surprise many educated Russians themselves, to learn that the Russian coöperative movement celebrated in 1915 its fiftieth anniversary. The first Russian coöperative society was established in 1865 in the village of Rogdestvenskoe, in the province of Kostroma. This society was soon followed by others. The coöperative idea found support among some of the most influential publicists of the day, such as N. G. Tchernichevsky and N. Dobroluboff. The Zemstvos gave assistance to the societies and assigned special funds for their support. For about a decade the movement made progress, and a large number of societies were organized in all parts of the country. But the Government of the Czar watched with suspicion the activities of the young coöperative movement, and presently decided to check it by the use of the famous "administrative measures" in which the old Russian régime was adept. Not only were the existing societies interfered with by all sorts of Governmental hindrances, but permission to organize new societies was delayed, and promoters were persecuted and frequently deported to Siberia. The Government also tried to prevent the union of local societies in larger combinations. Coöperative conferences and congresses met similar difficulties, and it was not until 1908 that the first All-Russian Coöperative Congress was allowed to be held in Moscow. Down to 1905, about 5,800 local societies had been organized. Not being allowed to unite their efforts, however (only two unions of credit societies were allowed), coöperation did not attain great significance in the economic life of Russia.

The year 1905 may be regarded as the turning-point in the history of the Russian coöperative movement. The first Russian revolution, with its agrarian unrest and riots, although defeated, made a deep impression on the more far-sighted upholders of autocracy, who realized that something had to be done to erect a "dam against the revolutionary flood." Stolypin's land reforms aimed, by destroying communal land ownership, to create strong and contented peasant proprietors who as a class would be opposed to the revolutionary villagers, "houseless, cowless, and landless," whom the Bolsheviki call "the poorer peasants." The cooperative movement embraced the propertied and stable elements of the villagers and so appeared to the Government as the lesser evil. Attempts were even made to encourage the coöperative movement by establishing a special Governmental department for promoting coöperative societies for small credit.

An oasis of social activity was thus created within the desert of Russian life, and some of the more virile creative elements of the country began to enlist under the standard of coöperation. The intellectuals, with inclination to constructive work; the radicals, downhearted at the failure of the revolution; the independent and progressive elements of the rural population, all flocked to this movement, bringing with them idealistic aims, broad views, and the ability to develop social and educational activities. The rural population, helpless prey of local usurers, middlemen, and all kinds of speculators and exploiters, were longing for some organized help. The coöperative methods were not unfamiliar to the peasants; in fact, they fitted well with Russian character and customs already formed by the historical communal land ownership. On the other hand, capitalism in the villages was not strong enough to resist the cooperative societies.

The recent growth of the movement is phenomenal. In 1912 there were in Russia 18,083 coöperative societies with a membership of 5,760,000 householders. By January 1, 1917, the number of societies had increased to 46,057, with a membership of 13,000,000 householders. The leader of coöperation at the Moscow Conference in August, 1917, claimed to represent 50,000 societies with a membership of 15,000,000 householders, or about one-third of the Russian population. Hand in hand with this growth there took place important internal consolidations. Powerful central organizations were built up dealing not only with consumption, production, and distribution of commodities, but with finance and transportation as well. An All-Russian Council of Coöperative Congresses was recently created to coordinate the work of all branches of the movement.

The turnover of the coöperative consumers societies in 1916 was estimated by the *International Review of Agricultural Economics* at 1,500,000,000 rubles. The turnover of the Moscow Union of Consumers Societies alone was about 85,000,000 rubles in 1916 and over 150,000,000 rubles in 1917. To the Moscow Union was entrusted the solution of the food problem in the northern provinces of Russia. The Union organized the purchase of food along the Volga and Kama, its transportation by river to Rybinsk, and its distribution throughout the provinces. At the end of 1917 the Moscow Union was reorganized in a Central All-Russian Union of Consumers Societies, embracing more than 250 unions and about 25,000 separate societies. This Central Union is the largest body of organized consumers not only in Russia, but probably in the world, and is the one national coöperative institution of the sort.

In addition to consumption, the coöperative consumers are also energetically devoting themselves to production, thereby contributing powerfully to the industrial development of the country. Soap, candy, tobacco, matches, preserved fish, boots; paper and starch factories, factories for the treatment of leather, wood and sunflower oil, flour and sawmills, printing presses, mineral water establishments, salt works, iron works, and coal mines are a partial list of industrial undertakings which have been launched by the consumers societies. In the field of agriculture the coöperative societies of producers now control, in whole or in part, the production of flax, hemp, butter, eggs, grain, hops, and bristles, besides naval stores, timber, fisheries, and the fur trade. The Central Association of Flax Growers comprises 46 coöperative unions and 142 local societies in 22 flax-producing provinces, and has a membership of about 1,500,000 peasant households. It is the largest flax exporter in Russia, and during the season 1916–1917 supplied the Franco-British Flax Committee with about 1,000,000 poods of flax in addition to some 250,000 poods which were sold to the Swedish Flax Committee. The Union of Siberian Creamery Associations comprises 1,500 creameries and 1,000 distributive stores. Its turnover in 1917 exceeded

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150,000,000 rubles. Of the total Siberian creamery production in 1917, 95 per cent. was manufactured in the cooperative creameries. Moreover, between the outbreak of the war and September 1, 1917, the Union of Siberian Creamery Associations supplied food to the army of a total value of 200,000,000 rubles.

The heart of the Russian coöperative movement is the Moscow Narodny Bank. The bank has a capital of 10,000,000 rubles, divided into 40,000 shares of 250 rubles each. Of these shares, only 647 are in the hands of private individuals, most of whom are coöperators. The present shares can be acquired only by coöperative societies, so that the bank is owned and controlled by the coöperators themselves. A new issue of shares voted by the shareholders in December, 1917, will at the close of the present year bring the capital to 35,000,000 rubles. The amount of deposits in the bank increased from 2,000,000 rubles in 1913 to over 150,000,000 rubles in January, 1918. During 1917 the bank loaned to various coöperative societies over 425,000,000 rubles, and did a total business of 3,000,000,000 rubles. In that year, as in the previous one, its dividend was 6 per cent. The bank does not restrict its activities, however, to the work of supplying the coöperative societies with capital, but acts as the buying and selling agent for the millions of consumers and producers who are organized in the coöperative societies. As the bank from its very nature is not organized to make money, but to serve the welfare of the coöperators, and its clients are at the same time its owners, the profits eventually return to the members in the form of dividends. The Moscow Narodny Bank is the only bank in Russia that has not been taken over by the Bolsheviki, but continues to pursue its usual activities.

Since the outbreak of the war the Russian coöperators have exerted themselves courageously on behalf of the people, and have made heroic efforts to relieve distress in the rural districts as well as in the towns. Through the efforts of the coöperative organizations, the peasants have been given money, seeds, and agricultural machinery. The fields of member householders, in cases where all the male members have been called to the colors, have been ploughed, sowed, and harvested; and the societies have done everything in their power not only to maintain the area formerly under cultivation, but also to increase the volume of productivity and to improve agricultural methods generally. In 1916 the Moscow Narodny Bank alone bought 125,000 agricultural machines, 18,000 tons of binder twine, 11,000 tons of insecticides, etc. After it became increasingly difficult to obtain agricultural machinery from the United States, the coöperative societies established factories of their own. Not less important has been the work done in the towns, where the population was suffering from the high cost of living. The consumers' societies have in many cases successfully combated high prices by establishing their own bakeries and storehouses and by accumulating food supplies. They have also done excellent work in providing for the needs of the army. In 1915 the various coöperative organizations supplied the army with 30 per cent. of its corn, and the Siberian Union of Creamery Associations furnished butter and lard. So marked, indeed, is the ability for business organization which the coöperative societies have displayed that the Department of Agriculture of the former Imperial Government entrusted the Moscow Narodny Bank in 1917 with the purchase and transportation to Russia of nearly 1,100,000 poods of binder twine; and when the Czar's Government was overthrown, the Provisional Government entrusted the regulation of the food supply of the entire country to the coöperators.

The activities of the Bolsheviki and the resulting economic dislocation have put upon the shoulders of the coöperative movement a heavy burden. Nevertheless, the coöperative societies have continued to pursue their policy of reconstructing the economic life of the country on a coöperative basis, and are gradually entering many of the most important branches of trade and industry. A large number of industrial establishments which private capitalists have given up in despair have been taken over. The flight of tradesmen from villages and towns has left the organization of much of that business in the hands of the coöperative organizations. The coöperators are now planning the establishment of terminal grain elevators, warehouses, and coal station plants of various kinds and the building of a number of local railways. Now that the land of Russia has been nationalized, the coöperators find themselves at the very centre of the agricultural life of the community.

Sporting Blood

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

IN reading my copy of the *Nation* for July 27, I experienced something akin to a mild shock in seeing my name in the editorial columns, coupled with a wish from the writer to know my opinion on the British contention that baseball is a dangerous game. Well, I feel sure that if the British really believe it is dangerous, they will cultivate it zealously. Danger adds delight. For my taste, baseball is the best of all outdoor games, and is peculiarly American in the sharpness of play, in the offchance of peril, and in the fact that a final decision is usually reached within two hours. There is nothing leisurely; it is tense and strenuous from beginning to end. In the year 1890 I took part in what I suppose was the first game of baseball ever played in Antwerp; the amazement of the spectators and the crude efforts of those natives who were induced to enter the contest make vivid memories.

I played ball until I was forty-five, and then, after breaking a tendon in each leg, withdrew from active participation except on the one day in the year when the Yale faculty nine played the seniors in Phi Beta Kappa, and in that, as your editorial writer hints, my rôle of sporting reporter for the *Yale News* was more important than my efforts in right field. I delight in watching a good or a bad contest. I sympathize with the New York writer who told me that his idea of a perfect day was to work from breakfast till three in the afternoon, then witness a game between the Giants and the Cubs, then hear "Die Walküre" in the evening. When my train passes through the suburbs of towns, I strain neck and eyes watching boys playing ball in the sand lots. The train moves too fast; it seems as if the pitcher never would unwind; and although I am ever hoping for a critical moment, I do not think in these transits I have once seen a palpable hit; nor, of the thousands of lone fishers I have passed in some vehicle or other, have I ever seen one get a bite.

The best professionals have nerves and do not play mechanically or merely for the salary. The greatest master of

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the game, Tyrus Cobb, says that toward the end of a season, if the championship is in doubt, he finds it impossible to sleep. About two in the morning he will walk into the next room and there find one of his colleagues sitting up in bed also mentally making three-baggers.

The average Anglo-Saxon has sporting blood. It is in him, and the element can no more be explained to a man without it than sight can be demonstrated to one born blind. In the early days of the twentieth century, the difference between English-speaking people and Continentals was clearly distinguishable from car windows. In America and Britain one continually passed golf links or ball fields or tennis courts; on the Continent one saw garden-parks devoted to music and refreshments. Things began to change rapidly before the war, and the Anglo-Saxon idea of sport was conquering the world. The Olympic games were a good influence in athletics, in clean rivalry, and in international brotherhood. The Bois de Boulogne was thronged with French football players, and Germany was dotted with tennis courts. In 1890 I found only one tennis court (concrete) in Germany, at Baden Baden; fifteen years later there were twenty in the little town of Jena. And although hatred of the British nation was being organized and stimulated everywhere, every German city had shops full of sporting goods and garments imported from London, and the fashionable young Germans were Anglomaniacs. If they had only developed the love of sport forty years ago, the German behavior in the present war might possibly have been somewhat less detestable.

I am sure that if the Russians were devoted to baseball, football, tennis, track athletics, some barriers of misunderstanding between Slav and Saxon might fall. Once, after a thrilling foursome at golf, I read a story by Chekhov. I could not help thinking how inexplicable our excitement and anxiety to win would seem to those Russian introspectionists. Turgeniev and the young Tolstoy loved shooting; Russians love to skate, either alone or with a fair partner. But that is not sport; that is exercise. To the average American boy, skating means hockey; on any broad ice-carpet in winter one will see scores madly fighting at hockey, and here and there a pathetic solitary figure slowly cutting double eights and grapevines. Such an accomplishment no more comes under the head of sport than the old vogue of the bracket-saw.

Most Russians obtain their exercise in conversation. The Anglo-Saxon releases the violence inherent in every man through the outlet of sport; his conversation is without gesticulation. But the Russians, and indeed many foreign races, find in daily conversation a form of exercise that takes in every part of the body, like swimming. But I repeat that exercise is not sport. The millions who solemnly go through hygienic programmes before breakfast are not having any sport. Sport means a game, a contest, a fight, with an intense desire for victory. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and the man who loves games may be illiterate or profoundly learned. I have revered the memory of the great Sanskrit scholar, W. D. Whitney, more fervently since the day when I learned a new fact about his temperament. To look at his snowy hair and beard, to hear his courtly speech, one would never have dreamed of the truth. The truth was that the doctor had forbidden him any kind of game, croquet or checkers, for he felt so wrought up by defeat that it disturbed his whole system.

In May, 1913, I saw ex-President Taft enter the Country Club house and hurl his bag of sticks violently on the floor. On his face was an expression quite unlike his portraits. "Why," said I, "I believe you feel worse over losing that game of golf than you did over losing the election." "Well, I do *now*," he replied emphatically. Every one who plays golf will understand this perfectly; but to those without sporting blood such excitement seems irrational.

Age has nothing to do with sport. The question when one should become a tennis-player emeritus, which was recently discussed by the accomplished sporting editor of the *Evening Post*, depends entirely on the individual. Some men are too old at thirty, and others may play so long as they can stand upright. On a frightfully hot day at Giverny I played in doubles where one of us was a Greek scholar over sixty; after the match, he said he preferred singles. I marvelled thereat, saying that singles with ninety-four in the shade might kill him; whereupon he exclaimed, "Think what a glorious death it would be!" The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour was playing tennis at Cannes in 1912, when he was nearly sixty-four; Professor Lounsbury played until he was past seventy. After you have reached the age of fifty and wish a physician's permission to continue, be sure to consult one who loves the game. My experience has been that doctors who do not play will tell you it is dangerous, while those who do will give you their blessing.

It is unfortunately true that as a rule great artists care little for sport. The purely literary temperament finds small zest in athletics. I remember trying to induce a poet to play golf. He insisted that he much preferred a quiet walk. But I told him that in golf he had a quiet walk with the additional pleasure of a game. "That is just the trouble; I don't want to be bothered on a stroll with a little ball." Keats, Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning cared nothing for games; and Browning shared Schopenhauer's contempt for cards, who said they were the last refuge of miserable humanity. In the English edition of "Who's Who" a place is left at the end of each sketch for "recreation." One will find that men of affairs often write cricket, polo, golf, tennis; but in one edition I observed that under the heading "recreation" George Moore inscribed the word *Religion*, and Bernard Shaw the legend, *Anything except sport*. W. B. Yeats calls strenuous men sentimentalists. In his latest work, "Per Amica Silentia Lunæ," he says their "understanding of happiness is to be so busy whether at work or at play that all is forgotten but the momentary aim. They find their pleasure in a cup that is filled from Lethe's wharf." One feels his contempt for the sportsman; and indeed devotion to sport interferes with the meditative habit.

But your average American or Englishman loves to play games, loves to talk about them and to read about them. While awaiting the appearance of the late Dean Hole in his beautiful library at the deanery in Rochester, I glanced at the rows of books to see what particular lines of theology interested him; every book I could discover dealt with outdoor sport. This element is in the blood, and crops out when least expected. My father was an orthodox Baptist minister; he was a good man, and is now with God. When he was over seventy, I picked up the paper one day to learn about the great prize fight. I did not imagine that he knew of or cared for such matters, so I merely read the headline, "Corbett whips Sullivan." To my amazement he leaned forward and said, "Read it by rounds."

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In the Driftway

OUR politicians are learning something from the war; at least, they are now resorting to indirect, high-angle fire. Thus, in advocating the gubernatorial ambitions of the Attorney-General of New York, Merton E. Lewis, ex-Senator Hinman has just made the following remarkable statement about him:

> He has demonstrated his fearlessness, ability, and integrity in public life. He doesn't play to the galleries. He is the same after dark as in the daylight. He does not pose as a reformer, uplifter, and prohibitionist on the platform and in the pulpit and then get drunk when not on parade.

Whom could Mr. Hinman have been aiming at? Surely not the Governor of the State, who is Mr. Lewis's rival for the nomination? Why, it is only a couple of years since a committee of temperance people gave the Governor a certificate of character on this very question of temperance, profiting perhaps by the example of the American prima donna who had a committee of American residents in Berlin appointed to investigate her relations with the Crown Prince. There may soon be another temperance committee to whitewash Mr. Whitman—including, perhaps, a detail of the State Police who were present at the Syracuse fair a year ago—but no amount of testimony as to his sobriety can establish the Governor in the esteem of those who really know him. Yet the simple fact is that by the control of the Republican machine he is altogether likely to renominate and, perhaps, reëlect himself.

* * * * *

In Kansas, politics still remains the exclusive property of the newspaper man. Thus in the primary last week Governor Arthur Capper, of the Capper publications, carried off the nomination for the Senatorship by a tremendous majority; Henry J. Allen, of the Wichita *Beacon*, defeated William Y. Morgan, of the Hutchinson *News*, while James L. Bristow, of the Salina *Journal*, "also ran." Governor Capper's vote was so great as to surprise the politicians. Plainly, the State is well satisfied with his administration as Governor, and is not disturbed by the charges of pacifism made against him. As a matter of fact, Governor Capper is the strongest kind of an old-fashioned American anti-militarist. He is a little man without charm of personality or ability to make a speech, and makes no impression of forcefulness; but he typifies the average Kansan, and his successful farm papers and his daily, the Topeka *Capital*, make it possible for him to get his views and his achievements before the State.

* * * * *

"The Tiger" is what they have called Fremont Older in San Francisco, and there surely never was a man about whom there were such diverse opinions. If you meet a bank president, or a captain of industry, or a successful attorney, you are sure to be told very harsh things about him. But if you meet men of the reformer type anywhere in the United States, you are certain to hear Older praised and admired. He has been a scourge to many kinds of people during long years as managing editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, and has to-day documents in his vault which would make the welkin ring if they should be published. Now he has joined, with sorrow be it said, a Hearst newspaper, the *Call*, the owners of the *Bulletin* having finally made his position with that paper impossible. It is not pleasant to think of him in any such association, although it is certain that he will not be controlled in his opinions by anybody. But wherever he serves, there are men and women of checkered pasts, now walking straight because of his influence, to call him blessed. For what he has done for prison reform in his State alone California owes him profound thanks, which he will probably never receive.

* * * * *

The Censorship Board came to the rescue of the press this week by ordering the censoring of all incoming press messages at the office of the Postal Press Censor in New York. Heretofore, press mail has been edited by the General Censorship in Washington, with unnecessary delays as the result. We wonder if the public clearly understands how thoroughly the press is censored to-day. Thus, a manuscript from Scandinavia may be censored in the country of its origin, twice in England and once on arrival in New York. If this does not insure the exclusion of news and comment except such as is acceptable to the various Governments, what could? It is not generally known, too, that an American military attaché in our London embassy is the censor for outgoing American mail matter from there. Thus the New York *Evening Post* was deprived of five manuscripts last winter because the young captain who read them felt that they were "too depressing" for Americans to read—one of them, by the way, a sermon by the Dean of St. Paul's! He admitted that the articles were wholly without information of value to the enemy, but he set his untrained opinion as to what the readers of the *Evening Post* should see above that of its experienced London correspondent and the editors in the home office. In England they are still protesting against the performances of the censorship. Thus Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has just described it as "wrong in principle and disastrous in practice." Since Mr. Lloyd George came into office, however, we are not witnessing the refusal of the censor to pass a speech by the Prime Minister, as happened when Mr. Asquith held that office.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Byron-Shelley Hoax

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A curious fabrication that has to do as much with Shelley as with Byron and that has hitherto been quite disregarded by the critics is of considerable interest. Among the crowd of books, pamphlets, and articles that appeared after Byron's death was a "Narrative of Lord Byron's Voyage to Corsica and Sardinia during the year 1821. Compiled from Minutes made during the Voyage by the passengers, and Extracts from the Journal of his Lordship's yacht, the Mazeppa; kept by Capt. Benson, R. N. Commander. London, J. Limbird, 1824." A copy of this is in the library of Columbia University (Volume of Pamphlets, 820.11 Z); and *Notes and Queries*, 7th Series, ix, 127, had an inquiry with regard to the authorship—an inquiry that remained unanswered.

The writer states in a preface that the book was written in 1822; "circumstances of no importance to the reader prevented its publication" (p. vi) until Lord Byron's death recalled it to the author's attention. Lord Byron is lauded throughout and becomes a theatrical sort of prig: brave,

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generous, devout, tolerant, misunderstood, hating hypocrisy and cant. Among the guests on his yacht during a voyage to Corsica and Sardinia (a voyage that, perhaps needless to say, never actually took place) are the Marchioness of G. and Percy S——. The trip is interrupted by a rencontre with a Turkish man-of-war commanded by a ferocious pirate. Byron, dressed in Oriental finery, including "a linen turban with a gold crescent"—"beard he wore none, but the Marchioness fixed on his upper lip a pair of moustaches made of her own hair" (p. 16)—went aboard the Turkish ship and by his exquisite tact persuaded the commander to allow the Mazeppa and her voyagers to depart unscathed. A bit later there is a fearful storm during which Byron alone remains calm.

> His Lordship then threw off everything but his trousers, and binding his silk neckcloth round his loins, he sat down and folded his arms across his chest, waited, in tranquil resignation, his fate (p. 28; this sentence *sic*).

The ship's doctor is washed overboard, an incident that causes Byron to exclaim "Good God!" In fact, nearly all the remarks of his Lordship that are chronicled are extraordinarily inane. For example, after the party has come safely to land, a peasant girl makes him a present of a silk handkerchief and then bounds away and is "out of sight in the twinkling of an eye." "'She is wild as a colt,' said his Lordship" (p. 46). While in Corsica Byron becomes interested in two lovers who are too poor to marry, and before leaving he generously gives them enough money to set up an establishment.

The book abounds in quaint perversions of Byron's real character, especially with regard to his religious opinions. On page 76 we read:

> Lord Byron was certainly neither an irreligious nor a superstitious man!—he kept the Sabbath day holy, and made all his domestics do the same; on that day he permitted no one to labour, and at all times swearing was his detestation, though, in a moment of passion, he has been betrayed to utter an oath. As to religion —— I once heard him remark on board the yacht, when reasoning with Mr. S—— on the folly of scepticism, "If there is not a future state, I shall be as well off when dead, as you who would persuade yourself there really is none; if there be a hereafter, of which I have no doubt, then I have a decided advantage over you, and surely the trouble of believing is less than that of doubting, and more pleasing."

As a matter of fact, Byron once expressed envy of the Christian's position as compared with his own for this very reason.

The most interesting part of the book is, however, the amazing sketch of Shelley's character that it contains. There can be no doubt that "Percy S——" is Shelley, as can be seen, for example, on page 68, where, apropos of S——'s fear of drowning, one reads:

> It is certainly singular that his presentiment of being drowned, became a real fact—two years after this he perished in a boat upon the coast of Tuscany.

During the storm experienced upon the outward voyage

> Percy S——, who heretofore made no secret of his infidelity, and whose spirits we thought no danger could ever appal, appeared to have lost all energy, and the horrors of approaching death made him weep like a child. Those names which he never before pronounced but in ridicule, he now called upon in moving accents of serious prayer, and implored the protection of that being, whose existence he affected to disbelieve (p. 26).

Compare Shelley's actual behavior during a storm on Lake Leman and again when nearly drowned in Italy—incidents mentioned in all biographies of the poet. Byron was calm and resigned during this storm, but

> Percy S—— lay at his feet in a state of insensibility. His Lordship looked down upon him and ejaculated "poor fellow."

After the gale had subsided, Percy S——

> recovered from his fits of fear, and came from his cabin like a spectre from the tomb . . . A glass of rum and water, warm, raised his drooping spirits, and in twenty-four hours he was the same free-thinking, thankless dog as ever (pp. 28-30).

This incident and a later narrow escape made Percy S—— determine to remain at St. Fiorenzo until he could get passage to Venice in a larger ship than the Mazeppa.

> Lord Byron laughed at the superstition of an avowed infidel, but did not try to dissuade him from his resolution—he was an eccentric being, and much attached to his Lordship, who had treated him with great kindness for several years. . . . Poor S——, in doubt and in tears, stood upon the pier waving his handkerchief till the wind bore us beyond his sight—at dinner his Lordship remarked, "that he could have better spared a better man" (p. 68).

This, of the one man in Byron's entire circle of friends and acquaintances whom, it is quite certain, Byron regarded as his poetical and intellectual equal!

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Bryn Mawr, Pa., July 7

In Behalf of the Finns

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Karl G. Dernby's article on "The Tragedy of Finland," published in the *Nation* of July 13, is on the whole a fair and correct statement of the Finnish situation. On one point, however, Mr. Dernby's information about conditions in Finland is rather one-sided. I refer to those parts of the article in which he speaks of the general character of the Finnish people.

Mr. Dernby writes: "The real Finn is hard-working and easily satisfied, but intellectually inferior to the Swede. His worst fault is his stubbornness. He loses his temper easily, especially under the influence of strong drink, and he becomes dangerous in his fury." Again: "The poor Finnish workingmen, with their cruelty, ignorance, and dirtiness, at least fought for the independence and liberty of their country and for their Constitution." It is true that the Finn is stubborn—if one wishes to use that word. More exactly, the Finn is persistent and not easily discouraged—a valuable trait of character which has made it possible for the Finnish nation to preserve itself for centuries in spite of adverse geographical, climatic, economic, and political conditions, and a guarantee that the Finnish workers, although to-day defeated by the Swedish-Finnish junkers and the German militarists, will once more become a factor in world civilization.

It is true that the Finn, when he gets drunk, is a person very difficult to manage. He stands very close to nature. He has not yet learned the art of concealing his passions. On the other hand, it is a fact that only a small percentage of the Finns are drinkers. Most of the Finns, especially among the laboring class, are total abstainers. The consumption of alcohol in Finland is lower than in any other country. One of the hobbies of the Finnish labor movement is liquor prohibition, and every one who knows anything about the temperance movement of the world knows that the Finns have played a significant part in it.

To refer to the Finnish workingmen in general as "cruel, ignorant, and dirty" is very unjust. This accusation can be disproved by reference to the conditions among the Finns in America. For example, in Greater New York there are from 10,000 to 15,000 Finns. Almost without exception they are skilled laborers, well paid, and highly esteemed for their cleanliness and intelligence. There are thousands of Finnish servant girls in New York. Any employment agency will admit that the Finnish servant girl is one of the most sought for and best paid on ac-

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count of her neatness, intelligence, and efficiency. There are about 500 Finnish tailors in New York. Not one of them works in the sweat-shops of the garment trade, but in the most expensive Fifth Avenue tailoring shops are many Finnish tailors who are regarded as the most skilful in that trade. You will find Finns in Tiffany's jewelry shop among the highly specialized diamond and platinum workers, and if you have an expensive watch to repair very likely the work will be done by a Finnish watchmaker. You will find thousands of Finns in the shipyards, working as mechanics and carpenters, but not a single one among the laborers who work for two or three dollars a day. In the Cadillac automobile factory, at Detroit, they will tell you that most of the Finnish workmen are engaged in highly specialized work, demanding skill and intelligence. In the mines of Montana, Wyoming, Pennsylvania, and Washington Finns are employed in positions requiring efficiency and intelligence.

There are about 200,000 Finns in the United States. Almost without exception they represent the working people of Finland, and their activities here are only a weak reflection of similar activities among the working people in Finland. The Finnish Socialist Federation of America has three daily papers, an illustrated monthly magazine, a farmer's journal, a woman's journal, and several other publications. The combined circulation of these publications is about 50,000—which means that at least 75 per cent. of the Finnish workers in America find a means of expression in the literature of the Finnish labor movement. These newspapers admittedly represent a higher standard of journalistic technique and political intelligence than the few primitive and provincial papers controlled by anti-Socialist Finns in this country. The central book-publishing concern of the Finnish labor organizations sells every year not less than $75,000 worth of literature, mostly scientific. The Finnish labor organizations in the United States have about 200 labor temples, all of which are centres of extensive educational activities.

Among the Finnish workers in America there exists a flourishing coöperative movement, with more than 100 coöperative groceries, creameries, boarding houses, and farms, besides two cooperative banks whose business within five years has grown from $1,000 to $500,000. The standard of living of the Finns in America is as high as that of any other nationality. There is very little "dirtiness" in the Finnish settlements of the United States. The significant thing is that all these activities, requiring marked technical and intellectual capacity, have been developed by the Finnish workers themselves. The editors of the daily Finnish papers are mostly laborers, the president of the Finnish cooperative bank is a former tailor whose high degree of education is entirely self-attained. Surely, the men and women who so rapidly became accomplished members of a legislative body in Finland after the election of 1907 are not a "cruel, ignorant, and dirty" mass. Surely, the people who in Finland have been able in ten years to build up a political and cultural movement which was unreservedly admired by every one who visited Finland, cannot in this country have turned savages overnight.

SANTERI NUORTEVA,
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English Voices

By O. W. FIRKINS

Hill Tracks. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

The Last Blackbird. By Ralph Hodgson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35.

Poems. By Ralph Hodgson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 75 cents net.

Motley and Other Poems. By Walter De La Mare. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25 net.

Poems: 1908–1914. By John Drinkwater. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25 net.

Reincarnations. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.

Poems. Two Volumes. By Herbert Trench. London: Constable & Company.

THE remarkable Wilfrid Wilson Gibson is once more remarkable in "Hill Tracks." "Hill *Tracks*" they emphatically are, not "Hill Trails." They consist of exactly fifty poems, always lyrical, always short and often tiny, and sunken, if I may use the term, in locality—Scotch locality, in which the very names are braes and scaurs. Each is the "track" or print of a single emotion, and this track is as solitary and sometimes as impressive as the lonely footmark discovered by Robinson Crusoe in the sand. The contradiction between form and substance in these poems is their outstanding peculiarity for the analyst; their form is unbendingly objective; their substance is profoundly internal. It is as if one measured the force of a wind in the débris of tree-boughs. A mind is subject to the battery of a self-repeating, powerful emotion; that emotion appropriates a fixed, external object as its agent or index, its signal or clue; and the artist, finally, reveals the emotion by the manipulation of the object.

O came you by Skirlnaked
When you came o'er the moor?
And did you see an old man
Standing at the door?
And did you see an old man
Glowering at the door?

O came you by Skirlnaked
When you came o'er the moor?
And did you hear a young bride weep
Behind the fast-shut door?
And did you hear a young bride greet
Behind the fast-shut door?

That is loaded verse, and, for me at least, it is very good. If you call the method facile, experiment or even observation will quickly disabuse you, for the occasional failures and many half-successes of Mr. Gibson prove that the spell is rebellious even to the conjurer. The poems are brief, because the feeling is single; but they abound in refrains, because it is "water lapping on a crag"; in other words, is continuous. Sometimes one poem seems almost the refrain of another. At that point my tolerance vanishes, but my loyalty returns at the thought of a poem like the "Ambulance Train," in which recurrence is the parent of felicity.

Red rowans in the rain,
Above the rain-wet rock—
All night the lumbering train,
With jolt and jar and shock,

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And moan of men in pain,
Beats rumbling in my brain—
Red rowans in the rain
Above the rain-wet rock—
Again and yet again—
Red rowans in the rain.

The baroness in Voltaire's "Nanine" thought beauty an impertinence in a girl of obscure birth. "C'est un affront fait à la qualité," she artlessly declares. I confess I think it unmannerly—not to say indecent—that a person who writes English so vilely as Mr. Ralph Hodgson in "The Last Blackbird" should write poetry so well. It is an affront to the faculties. His depredations on the language are a sin and an outrage, yet I am the venal constable, scandalized at the thief's insolence, but succumbing to the bribe which he offers me as the price of escape with his ill-gotten booty. I can illustrate this double impression by a single phrase:

And plovers rose, ten score as one,
And ribboned in the East.

What could be worse—or better—than "ribboned"? The poetical impress rests on the most peccant phrase, like a royal monogram on a base utensil. Even his burlesque has a Parnassian quality.

For Parkinson was bored. The lucent wave
With rhythmic lassitude fell to and fro
O'er *many a spongy lawn and haunted cave*
Of dim crustacea. Dixon turned to go.

Let me now quote him in a passage of comparative innocence:

Nor heard the clatt'ring thunder shake.

The cloud that hung so low and gray;
I heard the thunder shake the cloud,
And the rough wind come and die away.

I heard the gray thrush piping loud
From the wheezing chestnut-tree;
The gray thrush gripped the spray that bowed

Beneath the storm, and brave sang he—
Oh, he sang brave as he were one
Who hailed a people newly free.

A little later he will tell us that "skiey seas fell whole." But what can be done with a man or to a man whom the Muses follow even when he boxes their ears?

In "Poems" this Petruchio-like handling of the Muse is tempered by a slightly greater deference for usage. He concedes a little; his cap is off to the public, though he twirls it unconcernedly in a sportive hand. In quality "Poems" falls short of "The Last Blackbird"; but as crystals, as entities, the individual lyrics stand out better. In the attractive if unequal "Eve" there is a sinister daintiness as of a bracelet turning snake. The "Song of Honour," lyric and choric, faintly mystic and intensely cosmic, has received plaudits to which I would neither refuse assent nor add impetus; its texture is aerial, but in these days one is thankful to the poets who furnish effluence and not effluvium. I am more attracted by the lovely quatrain which opens the "Mystery":

He came and took me by the hand
Up to a red rose tree,
He kept His meaning to Himself
But gave a rose to me.

The fondness which I entertain for Mr. Walter De La Mare has found scant nourishment in this latest volume. The book is full of dusk and sleep, of ghosts and presciences, of moonlight and parable. Great verse admits, even favors, this order of subject; but the welcome is conditional. As a poet must be clear in the rendering of mist, wakeful in the drawing of sleep, sane in the portrayal of lunacy, vital in the presentation of death, so he must be firm—robust after a sort—in his treatment of the imponderable. That a man paints water is no reason for mixing water—or more water—with his paint. My quarrel with Mr. De La Mare's "Motley" is that the imagination partakes of the tenuity of the material, that he gives much the same misty account of dreams which dreams give of themselves. The life in these verses is, so to speak, prenatal; what the poems need is—birth.

I quote one of the better passages:

In the woods as I did walk,
Dappled with the moon's beam,
I did with a Stranger talk,
And his name was Dream.

Spurred his heel, dark his cloak,
Shady-wide his bonnet's brim;
His horse beneath a silvery oak
Grazed as I talk with him.

The last two lines achieve the exquisite undoubtedly, but achieve it by skirting the puerile. Mr. De La Mare seems to me often not to know his own mind or his own route; he experiments, he reconnoitres. The tendency is visible in his metre, which is sometimes, if I may venture the phrase, painstakingly negligent. Is it bravado or mere dice-throwing that tempts him into a cacophony like the following?

Your very quiet seems to say
How longed-for a peace you have found.

The artistic world is singularly confused when a rusticity of this sort can make its way under any pretext into the shrine and precinct of the gentilities.

The present volume would intimate that Mr. De La Mare was wanting, not in the poetic gift as such, but in that breadth and affluence of experience which might supply that faculty with a sufficient number of appeals and provocatives. But I will not rashly or harshly generalize; the author of the "Listeners" may have ample compensations in store for us.

There is a pointed difference between Mr. De La Mare and Mr. John Drinkwater, who has collected the best of his lyrics into a compact and pleasing volume. Mr. De La Mare, judged by "Motley," is a true poet underfed. Mr. Drinkwater, on the other hand, is an amply nurtured and replenished spirit, of a strongly poetical disposition, but not cast explicitly and finally in the mould of a poet. His gift is not plastic in the Greek and proper English sense of that maltreated adjective. What he writes is eloquent, passionate, and thoughtful; but it is not so much poetry as poetical discourse. A proof of this is found in his addiction to the "fenceless" poem, the poem expanding with a liberality that would find the two questions, "Why not more?" and "Why not less?" equally unanswerable. The "Fires of God" is a Wordsworthian "Prelude" on a minute scale. In fact, Mr. Drinkwater often suggests Wordsworth and Tennyson with enough of John Masefield to establish his modernity. If he has put off the mantle of the Victorians, he has retained their tunic.

With his temper of worshipper and believer in our in-

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credulous age, Mr. Drinkwater reminds one of a lover of greensward born by the perversity of fate under the Arctic Circle, and his religious feeling, though genuine and tender, is vague. From his general air of intimacy with the universe, one half expects some momentous disclosure of the secrets of that taciturn authority. No such disclosure arrives; Mr. Drinkwater's discretion is impeccable. Nevertheless, one is refreshed by the good spirit emanating from these manly verses, wholesome as the breath of earth from plough-fields newly turned in the spring, and not unmixed, as that generous earth-savor never is unmixed, with the breath of heaven. Observe in the following passage how he founds his line on squared iambics fit to bear up the massiveness of his idea:

> Knowedge we ask not—knowledge thou hast lent,
> But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,
> Give us to build above the deep intent
> The deed, the deed.

I quote another stanza in which largeness is combined with delicacy:

> The cloudy peril of the seas,
> The menace of mid-winter days,
> May break the scented boughs of ease
> And lock the lips of praise,
> But every sea its harbour knows,
> And every winter wakes to spring,
> And every broken song the rose
> Shall yet resing.

The beauty of the last two lines is a just chastisement for any witling who has presumed to hint that Mr. Drinkwater is not a poet in any and every sense. I deserve every stroke, and all I ask is that he shall go on plying the scourge.

Mr. James Stephens translates or rather adapts a handful of Irish lyrics "of from one hundred to three hundred years ago." He calls these versions "Reincarnations." In relation to most of them, I think of Lear's phrase: "You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave." For some poems the grave is an asylum. Mr. Stephens makes much of O'Rahilly, Raftery, and O'Bruadair, but if their works be among the treasures of Fame, that thrifty housewife would seem, for better safekeeping, to have secreted them in her cellar. The "Coolun" is good, and two or three other poems are brightened with agreeable passages; but for the most part Mr. Stephens's approval of these poems seems uncritically patriotic. The Irish are a highly endowed race, but in literature the rich, like the poor, must pay their way. The Irishman trades at the counter of the Muses on the same rigorous terms as the Englishman and the Scot; his credits equal his personal deposits; his race will not be accepted as his surety. Mr. Stephens tells us that his adaptations are too free to be representative; otherwise I should have inferred that these literary Irish gentlemen resembled many other Irish gentlemen in the fact that their revenue was mainly pedigree. Here is the end of a requiem:

> Destruction be upon Death,
> For he has taken from our tree
> The topmost blackberry!

It is difficult to be duly sorrowful for a blackberry. "Righteous Anger" closes thus:

> May she marry a ghost, and bear him a kitten, and may
> The High King of Glory permit her to get the mange.

This will doubtless be piety for the persons for whom it is literature.

Mr. Trench is a poet whom it is difficult to characterize. He is rich in fine qualities; he is not poor in fine things. He has scholarship, imagery, invention, competence. His poems have undoubted distinction of a kind—a princely, if not a regal, carriage. He inherits the sound English tradition and has the temerity to be decent. His defect may be summed in a word: he insists too much. He overwrites as some people overact. No man offers more lavishly to his divinity, but Apollo is not a god whom hecatombs propitiate. In Mr. Trench's edifice the ornamentation of the façade is superb and costly; the architect has omitted nothing—but the door.

The poet is apt to fail in simple tasks. His fables are among the worst extant, and the failure in the rendering of Jean Richepin's powerful—almost surgically penetrating—"Y'avait un' fois un pauv' gas" is complete. The strength of his art is evinced in his dealings with the generic and the impersonal; his best is visible in the original "Apollo and the Seaman," in the speculative "Stanzas to Tolstoi," in the first sections of the "Battle of the Marne." His philosophy mixes stoical renunciations, such as the relinquishment of immortality, with an impassioned self-surrender to beauty; it is a bearskin lined with swansdown, Zeno slaked with Epicurus. No review would be complete without a word of shuddering praise for his "Conversation on the Russian Front." As satire that is hideous and mighty.

BOOKS

The Atlantic Fisheries Arbitration

North Atlantic Coast Fisheries Arbitration at The Hague: Argument on behalf of the United States. By Elihu Root. Edited by Robert Bacon and James Brown Scott. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $3.

WITH the exception of the Alabama Claims arbitration at Geneva in 1872, the arbitration of the Fisheries question at The Hague in 1910 settled perhaps the most vexatious, long continued, and economically important dispute which has arisen temporarily to disturb friendly relations between the United States and Great Britain. The origins of the dispute reach back to the earliest days of our history as a nation, involving an interpretation of the treaties of 1783 and 1818, and its final satisfactory settlement by arbitration speaks volumes for the temper of the litigating nations, the fairness of the arbitral tribunal, and, not least of all, the ability of counsel in presenting to the court the respective contentions of Great Britain and the United States. The case was presented by prominent lawyers from both countries, and the leading counsel of the United States was none other than Elihu Root, who had during his incumbency as Secretary of State taken an active part in drawing the issues for arbitral settlement of the complicated questions involved, and had, in fact, with James Bryce, signed the special agreement under which the two countries laid their differences before a court of arbitration. It was, therefore, appropriate that he should be selected to head the legal forces of the United States, and the satisfactory settlement which has been reached is in no small degree due to his personal contributions to the American argument.

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The case served again to emphasize the remarkable abilities of a man who, after many years' absence from the bar in the fulfilment of important public duties as Secretary of War, Secretary of State, and United States Senator, could demonstrate with ease the finest technique of advocacy such as was required in the responsible effort of closing the case of the United States by a six-day argument. His wonderful command of hundreds of documents and of the full import of some thirty days of arguments of respective counsel preceding the opening of his own argument, which consisted largely of refutation and summing up, evoked the admiration of those who heard Mr. Root's able presentation of the American case and will produce the same effect upon those who read the work now under review. The work constitutes one of a series of volumes, edited by Robert Bacon and James Brown Scott, which are designed to republish for a wider public some of the more notable addresses and state papers of Mr. Root.

The foreword of the book, which betrays the facile pen of Dr. Scott, presents in forty-eight pages an interesting account of the history of the fisheries dispute, of the issues involved in the arbitral submission, and of the tribunal's award and its effect. The appendix to the foreword reprints the fisheries articles of the treaties of 1783 (Art. 3) and of 1818 (Art. 1), the general arbitration treaty of 1908, the special agreement of 1909 which constituted the arbitral *compromis*, the award of the arbitral tribunal, and the British-American agreement of 1912 carrying out, with modifications, certain of the tribunal's recommendations as to procedure for the determination of what is a "reasonable" regulation of the fisheries on the treaty coasts. The remainder of the book is a verbatim reprint of the argument of Mr. Root, taken from the official report of the proceedings.

The dispute involved the interpretation of a treaty granting to American citizens in Canadian waters certain exceptional fishing rights, privileges, powers, and immunities which, in the course of time, as conditions changed, brought up new situations not contemplated by the negotiators of the treaty. These rights became of great commercial importance to the inhabitants of New England as improved methods of fishing were invented, and their exercise by Americans was looked upon with a jealous eye by the Canadians, and also by the inhabitants of Newfoundland, whose shores and waters were principally involved in the grant. Numerous efforts at a settlement of the whole question by treaty having failed, Newfoundland again brought the dispute to a head by the promulgation in 1905 of vexatious regulations, enacted and enforced without advance notice to American fishermen, whose fishing rights and privileges were thereby greatly restricted and hampered. A *modus vivendi* tempered the bitterness of the issue for a time, but the United States could not tolerate a permanent assumption of Newfoundland's alleged right to enact any regulations it saw fit without consent of the United States. But for the fortunate wording of the special agreement, the United States would have completely lost its contention before the tribunal on this point, which became Question 1 of the arbitral agreement. That agreement put in issue the question whether Canada and Newfoundland could enact "reasonable" regulations without consent of the United States. As a matter of law, the United States contention that the treaty had created a servitude in favor of the United States, that is, a limitation upon British sovereignty, was emphatically denied; but inasmuch as "reasonableness" requires a standard by which it was to be measured, and inasmuch as British counsel had in argument admitted that Canada or Newfoundland could not arbitrarily determine what was "reasonable," the tribunal decided that while Canada and Newfoundland possessed sovereignty in the waters in question, the reasonableness of regulations should be submitted to an arbitral test whenever their reasonableness was challenged by the United States. The procedure recommended by the tribunal for carrying out this award has been substantially adopted by the two countries; and under it no fishing regulations can be enforced against American citizens until they have been duly published for given periods and the United States has been given full opportunity (seven months in all) to object to their enforcement on the ground of unreasonableness, and until the question of reasonableness, if challenged by the United States, has been submitted to an impartial body of experts. While the United States lost its legal argument, it did in fact win practically everything for which it had, on this point, contended.

The other important legal question was Question 5. The treaty of 1818 had renounced certain American rights and privileges granted in the treaty of 1783, and, among others, the "liberty . . . to take, dry, or cure fish on or within three marine miles of [certain] coasts, *bays*, creeks, or harbors of his Britannic Majesty's Dominions in America." The question was, What was three miles from a bay? The negotiators had overlooked this problem. The United States contended that they meant a territorial bay; that is, a bay ceased to be a territorial bay at the point where it became wider than six miles, and from the line across the bay at that point the three miles were to be measured. Great Britain contended that they meant a geographical bay; that is, anything called a bay on the map, no matter how wide, was a bay within the meaning of the treaty, and the headland theory, by which a line connecting the headlands marked the limits of the bay, applied. Again the tribunal, with a strong dissenting opinion by Dr. Drago, of Argentina, supported the British legal contention, but in fact recommended that the difficult problem be settled by drawing in certain bays the lines which had been embodied in the unratified Bayard-Chamberlain treaty of 1888, and as to other bays adopting a ten-mile width, according to the general modern rule as to the limit of territorial waters in bays from which the three miles are to be measured.

The five remaining questions, while economically of great importance, did not involve any intricate legal questions, but were confined principally to the interpretation of words and phrases in the treaty of 1818. They involved questions concerning the conditions under which the fishing industry was to be carried on: whether American fishermen could employ Canadians in their crews; whether certain bays, creeks, and harbors were included in the treaty grant; whether American fishing vessels could be subjected to entry and report at custom-houses and the payment of certain dues; and whether fishing vessels could engage in trade. While some of these questions were not satisfactorily answered, the award of the tribunal was in all cases eminently fair, and, on the whole, satisfactory to the United States. A great and troublesome question has thus been removed from the field of international controversy, with mutual satisfaction to the interested parties. The American contribution to this happy solution is largely due to the efforts of Elihu Root.

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Inventions and a Portrait

The Queen's Heart. By J. H. Hildreth. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

The Rough Road. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company.

Virtuous Wives. By Owen Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

Bertha Garlan. By Arthur Schnitzler. New York: Boni & Liveright.

THESE four novels run pretty well across the gamut of story-telling, from the treble of the yarn to the deeper tones of humane realism. In three of them the note is not a clear one, we must own. "The Queen's Heart" does its best to blend a number of rather unsympathetic vibrations. The reader who says light-heartedly, after turning a few pages, "Ah, this is Zenda stuff I am in for," presently finds himself at sea in more senses than one. Nothing could look more innocent than the flinging of our young pair into an open boat in mid-ocean. True, the desert island we mildly look for fails to take form out of the deep, but the mysterious craft that rescues them promises well. It looks like an uncommonly large and luxurious yacht, but is really a small cruiser, equipped with concealed armament and crew. Its captain is the romantic champion of an ideal, which resides in the person of an exiled and imprisoned young Queen, her Majesty Isigone of Rhodes. He himself is an American, but the lineal descendant and "heir" of "the last Grand Master of St. John of Jerusalem, who reigned in the Island of Rhodes." Naturally, his aim is to rescue the young Queen and to set her back on her throne. His motive, however, is not the merely chivalrous or adventurous impulse that might have sufficed for a story of action. He is primarily a social philosopher and dreamer, who sees in the little island kingdom of Rhodes the possible germ of a new world. Hence the story of his mission is illumined (and retarded) by page on page of discourse like this:

> I found only retrogression, perishing statesmanship, a dying sense of right and wrong: over all a system of organized corruption based on fundamental and overwhelming ignorance and venality, a system so powerful, so firmly entrenched behind the defences of an incompetent Constitution that assault thereon was childish. I became convinced that, so far at least as my own country was concerned, nothing was possible but irresistible progress towards final catastrophe.

He therefore turns towards monarchy and perceives "that in the little Island of Rhodes was the dayspring of the new life." Hence (he is a man of immense wealth) his yacht-cruiser and his expedition. The Queen is freed and restored, with suitable difficulty. But the hero of the action and even of her rescue is not the philosopher-champion, but the American youth Jack, who has been picked up, with a Dorothy, at sea. He is a wall-scaling, stair-holding hero; but he is also the hapless victim of passion. For, with his Dorothy tagging along, he enters upon an ultra-modern episode with the Queen; who has to be killed off thereafter as the only possible way out for anybody. There is a sad medley between these covers, and we doubt if any sort of reader will find satisfaction there.

Mr. Locke knows better what he is doing or trying to do. He has a famous knack of feeding his customers the usual thing with a new flavor. "The Rough Road" is his rendering of the now familiar theme—how a man may find his soul through service in the war. Doggie Trevor is a wretched little snob and milksop who becomes a man. Unluckily, if you believe in his first estate, you cannot reasonably believe in his second; for the Doggie quite lacks the makings of a man. In short, Mr. Locke has made bland use of the old romantic expedient of crude contrast, converting his Doggie as Shakespeare converted his Oliver and Frederick in "As You Like It." And since a search for one's soul is not the most "gripping" of adventures for the novel-reader who "likes a good story," Mr. Locke devotes much of Doggie's energy to a search for his heart, and spins a pleasant bit of romantic comedy out of that hero's relations to the English Peggy and the French Jeanne, who embody the "heart interest" of the tale.

Mr. Owen Johnson still seems determined to make one in the firm of Messrs. R. W. Chambers and Gouverneur Morris. He can write as philosophical a preface and as trashy a story as either of them. He is less skilful in providing the public with peep-shows of the rich at their toilets or in their cups, but he is working conscientiously at this sort of thing and may catch the real gusto in time. This is supposed to be a study of the New York wife. Mr. Johnson's Foreword, taken by itself, is a vigorous bit of commentary. The typical wife of New York's prosperous parvenu order has

> created a society of sensations never deep or lasting—sensations which must rapidly succeed each other and be constantly intensified. Man to them is a multiple animal; the flattery of the crowd replaces the adoration of the individual. They are capable neither of great passions nor of great wickedness, and therefore easily convince themselves that, despite luxury and pleasure, they are the most virtuous of wives.

This is well enough for a starting-point, but the journey to which it commits us turns out to be a trivial "trip," a sort of slumming expedition among the class which lives in motors and restaurants and makes, as it were, a deliberate mess of all the deeper interests and relations of life. Mr. Johnson's figures are feebly manipulated dummies; their attitudes are of meagre concern to any student of either literature or life.

Against such a product of the American book mill, so crude of purpose and flabby of execution, one sets somewhat ruefully a book like "Bertha Garlan." First published in 1901, it holds a mean in point of quality also among the famous Austrian's works. It is a study in the higher realism, an uncolored but by no means ungentle portrait of a woman. Bertha Garlan is a widow in her late twenties. As a girl she has had an abortive romance with a fellow-student at the Vienna Conservatoire. They have drifted apart; Emil Lindbach to become a famous violinist, and Bertha to marry a worthy middle-aged man who has been kind to her after her father's death. Now she is alone with her little son in the quiet town of her married life; the *femme de trente ans*, with her half-conscious yearning to realize youth before it departs forever. And with her unfulfilled experience of love, this yearning is inevitably and, one must feel, innocently the vague reaching out towards a mate; vague at first, but increasingly bound to the memories of her youthful lover. He comes again within her actual world. She seeks him, and he responds, in the man's way. She is not sorry till his casual view of their relation is brought home to her; and then the episode is over for her. Over also is the happiness of youth: only the quietude of goodness and service remain. A simple, human

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situation, but most difficult to interpret—the kind of theme which English and American writers commonly treat either with voluptuous sentiment or with a sort of hard and conscious impersonality. Schnitzler simply accepts the desire of woman for man as, like the desire of man for woman, a natural and beautiful instinct rarely fulfilled and, for woman, still more rarely fulfilled without suffering.

The Light Touch

Pebbles on the Shore. By "Alpha of the Plough." New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2 net.

A Boswell of Bagdad. By E. V. Lucas. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.

BUTTONHOLING in literature is an art more practiced in England than on this side of the Atlantic. The essential element is the personal touch. A nexus is formed by the writer imparting confidences to the reader, who is generally reverential towards his author and feels honored by such intimacy. Montaigne began it, though Scaliger told him that posterity would not care to know whether he drank white wine or red. Addison knew the secret when he sketched his own career in the first *Spectator*, and wrote it in the first person singular. Lamb, Hazlitt, and Thackeray were past masters of the art; and they have had many successors. Two of them are the journalist whose *nom de guerre* is "Alpha of the Plough" and Mr. E. V. Lucas, whose book under review is the thirty-fifth to bear his name. Both books are collections of short papers which have already appeared in various journals. Their common term is the personal element combined with brief bright treatment of a topic, just touching it with the point and passing on to the next. Both are little books, which can be taken up at odd moments, dipped into at random with profit, without any feeling of incompleteness on the reader's part. Each paperkin or essaylet makes a convenient mouthful, not a meal, and whets the appetite for more.

The British public must like "Alpha's" confidences, for the present is the second edition of them, and it has been embellished with many charming designs by Mr. Charles E. Brock. These are the rare kind of illustrations which really illuminate the text and do not travesty or contradict the author. There is humor and pleasant fancy in them as well as clever draughtsmanship. The English have discovered how to produce comely books of this sort at a low price, even in war time.

It is, of course, possible to carry the writer's confidences too far, beyond the reader's point of interest; confidences may become a bore. The great public may not really care to know that "Alpha" is turned fifty or his age when he was married. All such *causerie* proceeds upon a rather large assumption. Still the famous tag from Terence holds good; nothing human is foreign to man, and the public may be interested in a journalist putting on his boots and making an article out of the train of thought thereby awakened. Without pretending to be profound, these papers are always entertaining. The praise of chess will please a silent, world-wide confraternity whose happiest hours are spent beside the board of four aud sixty squares.

Mr. E. V. Lucas has anything but a narrow outlook upon life; and he has read widely, like a gentleman and scholar. His style is marked by the urbanity that Matthew Arnold commended. It is decidedly "of the centre," quiet, clear, well poised. His humor is the kind that awakens the smile; it is not intended to release the guffaw. In the light touch he shows unsurpassed dexterity; he knows that the half is greater than the whole and that art is elimination. All the qualities his admirers prize are here as fresh as ever in his latest volume.

The title is provocative and almost prepares one for a literary hoax. This Boswell was, however, a veritable Ibn Khallikan, a professor and kadi who lived in Syria and Egypt in the thirteenth century. His parentage, dates of birth and death, and other facts of his career are known. He compiled a biographical dictionary in Arabic, which was translated into English in the last century. The "whole troops of logicians, poets, scholars, grammarians," about whom he gossips, were for the most part citizens of Bagdad. The very name suggests romance. Into the four stout volumes of the English translation Mr. Lucas has dipped from time to time, and culled with curious toil anecdotes and sayings which must always interest by virtue of their quaintness or their humanity. A strange omission from the list of poets is the name of Omar the Tentmaker, and suggests the contemporary neglect of Blake. Two other sets of papers are included, "Diversions" and "On Bellona's Hem." The zeal of the essayist is seen in the note that these have been revised and extended. Prose is never done.

Perhaps the chief significance of these two books appearing as they do in the heart of a world crisis is as an illustration of "British phlegm." Not a few of these papers touch upon the war and hint at personal loss; but nowhere is there the slightest symptom of alarm or uncertainty as to the issue. In the mental attitude of both writers there is no weakness, no suggestion of doubt, much less of gloom or fear. In the midst of a tottering world, the English spirit stands firm. *Impavidum ferient ruinæ.*

The War Well Represented

"Speaking of Prussians—." By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company. 50 cents net.

The Warfare of Today. By Paul Azan. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50 net.

The Business of War. By Isaac F. Marcosson. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50 net.

The Earthquake. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The Glory of the Trenches. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: John Lane Company. $1 net.

THERE are so many books off the press nowadays that deal with military affairs that it is difficult to say at first which are most worth while. In making a selection, it has seemed advisable to eliminate offhand the purely personal accounts. Sometimes these contribute illuminating details, sometimes they have a serious purpose; but more often they deal with isolated facts. The very thing which gives them flavor or charm, the personal element, limits their scope and value. In reading them, one finds too much repetition of training periods, steamship journeys, railroad trips, billets, preliminary thrills, and single sectors. People now want less of the pronoun "I" and more of the ways of war. They want less restricted views. They want broader surveys which contribute some general coördinating principles

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above and beyond the mere facts. They are also willing to read books written for the popular mind, and even by popular writers. With these wants in mind, the five books listed above have been selected from a year's output, because they represent the great struggle neither too technically, too grewsomely, nor too philosophically.

"Speaking of Prussians—," both from the name of its author and from its similarity in title to "Speaking of Operations—," might deceive the book-buyer into thinking that Mr. Cobb is joking about the dismemberment of the Central Powers as he joked about his own experience on the operating table. It is, however, a serious exposition of the German mind and the Teutonic idea as seen by that astute journalist and deduced to its conclusions. The book tells why we fight, and explains it succinctly to the honest peace-loving man who would like to see the lion and the lamb lie down together, and who does not sufficiently realize that when the lion and the lamb did lie down together in Europe, the lion rose a raging lion with the mangled carcass of the lamb beneath his bloodied paws.

Our second volume, "The Warfare of Today," by Lieutenant-Colonel Azan, tells how the fighting is actually carried on along the front lines. The author explains the difficulties and the details of the new war of positions, in a series of lectures on the differences between this war and other wars, the training of levies necessitated by a sudden military expansion, the principles underlying the trench systems, their siting and their occupation, the elaborate preparation of an attack, the execution of it in all its confusion, the opportunities for turning a success into a big victory, the principles necessary in defence, and a thoroughly French analysis of the essentials of a soldier. It is an anthoritative book, eminently readable, and not at all complicated. It is well illustrated with a large variety of photographs and with many vividly recounted anecdotes of apposite experiences. The author's main thesis is coöperation and coördination between adjacent units, between infantry and artillery and the aeroplanes, between the staff and the line, between the front trench and the zone of supply, between the factory and the soldier, between the different high commands, between all the nations leagued together in a common cause. With this coöperation and coördination the war will be won.

It will be won, says Mr. Marcosson in "The Business of War," because the problems of finance, supply, and transportation are being handled by live business brains and elastic business experience. These are the things that make it possible to keep huge populations in the trenches. It is all an intricate system of manufacturing the munitions, the clothing, and the foodstuffs, and of passing them through the various depots, regulating the movement, and carefully watching the use. This book describes the salvage as well, and the coördination for purchase and distribution; it tells of a multitude of factories, a maze of railways, a series of warehouses, an army of motor trucks—and everywhere the searching eye of the business man keeping track of income and outgo. This is the story of the feeding and clothing and equipping of an army, a side of war of which few people think, but which is the element that turns dollars into front-line ammunition.

If, then, the war is waged by the armies behind the front quite as much as by the infantry facing the enemy, we may carry the investigation still further by reading Mr. Arthur Train's book, "The Earthquake." This conveys the spirit of the new America created by the war. Man and wife, daughter and son, enlist in the service of the country, each in his own useful way. The son goes into the army, but the others join that larger army working at home for the success of the forces abroad. It is not a record of fashionable movements, but of earnest and willing endeavor.

The fifth and last book, "The Glory of the Trenches," is a definition and a psychological study of the transformation which takes place in the soldier. It shows what the experience of war does for him. No man can remain in training for any appreciable time without having the mark of the service indelibly stamped upon him; and just so no one undergoes the privations and the dangers of life at the front without coming out remade. This is the glory of the trenches which Coningsby Dawson so well depicts.

Notes

ON September 26 Henry Holt & Company will publish: "Home Fires in France," by Dorothy Canfield.

"The Submarine in War and Peace," by Simon Lake, will be published shortly by J. B. Lippincott Company.

The forthcoming publications of Harper & Brothers are announced as follows: "Sylvia Scarlett," by Compton Mackenzie; "Songs from the Trenches," edited by Herbert Adams Gibbons; "My Lorraine Journal," by Edith O'Shaughnessy; "Land's End," by Wilbur Daniel Steele; "Young Alaskans in the Far North," by Emerson Hough; "Far from the Madding Crowd," an educational edition, by Thomas Hardy.

"The Psychology of Courage," by Herbert G. Lord, is to be published in September by John W. Luce & Company.

THE world of letters and French literature in particular have sustained a grievous loss by the sudden death of Georges Pelissier, the noted French critic and littérateur. M. Pelissier had returned for a brief stay in his native Midi, where he was visiting his parents near Montauban, when he was cut off unexpectedly on June 16, far from his wife and children and a devoted circle of friends. Known in this country chiefly as a critic and writer on French literature, in France Pelissier had for years been a stimulating presence as well to thousands of students at the *lycées* of Tours, Nancy, Lakanal, Janson-de-Sailly, and at the normal school of Fontenay-aux-Roses, where he was esteemed alike for his erudition, his balanced judgment, and his unswerving rectitude. As a writer Pelissier attained a place in the foremost ranks of critics and historians of French literature. His "Précis de l'histoire de la littérature française," first published in 1902, of which 70,000 copies had been sold before the war, has become a classic, and has been translated into English and Russian. "Le Mouvement littéraire au dix-neuvième siècle," of which ten editions have appeared, is perhaps the most widely known of his books among students of our American universities. His "Essais de littérature contemporaine," "Etudes de littérature contemporaine," "Etudes de littérature et de morale," "Le Réalisme du romantisme," and "Voltaire philosophe"—which latter he himself valued most among his works, perhaps because there was in it most of himself—are notable achievements of French scholarship in his chosen field. But his range was wide and his technical studies in language, versification, and style are models of exact scien-

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tific research. His death will be even more deeply lamented by the few who knew him well than by the world at large that knew him only through his work.

CHEKHOV in good English is a gratifying fact, not only because it makes us understand a consummate artist, but also because it enables us to understand and appreciate Russia. For there is scarcely a class, a rank, a profession, a race, a doctrine, a vice, which may be taken as a part of Russian life, that Chekhov has not studied and presented to us in his brief, concise, yet complete, sketches and stories. The fifth volume of his tales, entitled "The Wife and Other Stories" (Macmillan; $1.50), introduces us to urban Russia, to the semi-intelligentsia of officials, teachers, and men of liberal professions in general. "A Dreary Story," both the story and the title, strikes the keynote of the whole volume, in fact, of all Chekhov's art. Russian life, observed through Chekhov's prism, is a dreary vegetation of victims of circumstances. The higher the intellect of the individual, the keener his tragedy, the deeper the gulf between his ideal and his environment, between his potentialities and the gray reality of Czaristic Russia. Intellect, idealism, imagination, have no outlet in the freezing atmosphere. "For God's sake, tell me quickly, this minute, what am I to do!" screams Katya, clutching at the hand of the old savant, the pride of Russia, the man of education and experience. She cannot go on "living like this"; she beseeches: "Help me! help me! . . . Tell me what am I to do?" But the sage helplessly admits: "Upon my word, Katya, I don't know," and with a forced smile says: "Let us have lunch, Katya." Those who lack the courage of confessing their impotence in face of the stifling circumstances seek refuge in illusions and phantoms, like "gooseberries" or "lottery tickets," or, in worse cases, succumb and become screws in the omnipotent bureaucratic machine. Such is the schoolmaster in "The Man in a Case," who both symbolizes the Czaristic régime and typifies the average citizen cowed into submission, afraid to do anything not explicitly permitted by the authorities, even if not directly prohibited.

He was remarkable for always wearing goloshes and a warm wadded coat, and carrying an umbrella even in the very finest weather. And his umbrella was in a case, and his watch was in a case made of gray chamois leather, and when he took out his pen-knife to sharpen his pencil, his pen-knife, too, was in a case; and his face seemed to be in a case, too, because he always hid it in his turned-up collar. He wore dark spectacles and flannel vests, stuffed up his ears with cotton-wool, and when he got into a cab always told the driver to put up the hood.

All his life was a series of anxieties and fears, and only in his coffin was there a cheerful expression on his face, since he had attained his ideal and was put into a case which he would never leave again. The man who tells the story, who confesses to a sense of pleasure in burying such men as the encased schoolmaster, goes off, in Russian fashion, into sad generalizations, and applies the label "case" to our city life, airless and crowded, spent in useless occupations and diversions, in intercourse with "trivial, fussy men and silly, idle women."

READERS who have had a surfeit of impressionistic accounts of Germany from travellers, "neutral observers," and the like, may find more solid satisfaction in Cyril Brown's "Germany as It is To-day" (Doran; $1.35 net). It is brought out casually in the course of the book that the author, as staff correspondent at the front, was in Germany at various times between the outbreak of the war and the intervention of the United States. But there is a rigid repression of the personal note. We are given instead carefully compiled statistics on all matters pertaining to food, transportation, labor, finance, crime, etc., with occasionally some modest deductions from the facts. The picture which emerges is that of Germany completely organized for war, to be sure, but also equipping herself for the peace to come, especially through the exploitation of Russia and the Near East. In the complex of state-controlled syndicates little room is left for the middleman, for free commerce, or for individual enterprise. But as a relief from this soulless mechanism some very human faults are being developed in the way of graft, food fraud, and disrespect for authority. There are shortages everywhere, notably in transportation and food, though the latter problem in its acute form is local and due mainly to faults of distribution. The author discerns a growing alignment of proletarians against the Junkers and their plutocratic allies, and in conclusion hints interestingly at some important changes pending in the status of women. The style of this instructive book shows marks of haste, with a tendency to uncouth phrases and awkward rhythms.

THOSE who have read Professor Keller's "Societal Evolution" will welcome his new bock, "Through War to Peace" (Macmillan; $1.25), in which he applies to the present world conflict the principles laid down in his former work. According to the view there expounded, the central thing in the evolution of society is the selection and transmission of certain *mores* and the suppression of others. Various factors have been at work in this process, the most effective of which have been war and economic pressure, and the inherent fitness of some of the *mores* to produce desirable consequences and of others to bring about discomfort. Though individual leaders bulk large in our history books, neither their influence nor any process of reasoning in the mass of the population has had much to do, in Professor Keller's opinion, with directing social evolution; not men but *mores* have been the real actors in the racial drama. Once this view is adopted, the present war takes on a new

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aspect; it can no longer be regarded as a struggle between individuals or even between nations, but only as an irrepressible conflict between opposing groups of *mores*. On the one side stands the international code which has been gradually emerging, and which must ultimately replace the *mores* of violence by the customs and ideals of a world-wide peace-group; on the other stands the German code, the primitive militarism of the savage made doubly terrible by trained intelligence and efficiency. To the war-code which the rest of the civilized world has so largely outgrown the German people are bound by the ties of an almost religious fanaticism. They have made of it a fetich, and the prosperity and prestige which they have enjoyed while worshipping it have made them constantly more zealous in their idolatry. If lasting peace is to come, not only must the idolaters be driven back: they must be converted. The disillusionment of the Germans is the condition of any lasting peace, and this can be brought about only by bringing home to them the consequences of their idol worship. "It is not a question of enslaving Germany, as she would like to do to the rest of us. It is a question of eradicating her fetich-worship by demonstrating that her idols have feet of clay. Nothing but defeat of the invincible army and Government, and the consequent letting-in of light as to the world's opinion of her course, can do that. If this is accomplished, she can make her own selection, by revolution or otherwise." Professor Keller's book makes explicit the conclusion to which many of us have been slowly and unwillingly driven, that it is not the German leaders, but the German people and their whole way of looking at things, with which we have to deal; that this is no time for conciliatory phrases; and that a peace made before Germany is thoroughly sick of her militarist idol would be the shortest road to a new war. It may not be possible to accept quite all the views, "societological" and others, presented in Professor Keller's book; but he has done a service in placing the present struggle in its larger setting as a contest between massive social tendencies in the evolution of human society.

IN the year 1622 (old style) the worldly wise, convivial Master John Pory, for a time Secretary to the Colony of Virginia during Governor Yeardley's administration, visited Plymouth Plantation, and in a letter to the Earl of Southampton wrote an enthusiastic and vivacious account of the puny settlement and its surroundings—a narrative that for clarity, directness, and charm of style has no equal in early Pilgrim literature. A manuscript copy of this letter, another from the same hand descriptive of other parts of the New England coast, and Richard Norwood's "Insularum de la Bermuda Detectio" (circa 1622), was acquired some years ago by the John Carter Brown Library—the whole probably in the handwriting of Norwood, who was official surveyor of the English plantation in the Bermudas. It is now known that Captain John Smith drew upon the "Detectio" in compiling his "Generall Historie" of 1624. After nearly three centuries Mr. Champlin Burrage has edited these valuable narratives for publication under the title of "John Pory's Lost Description of Plymouth Colony in the Earliest Days of the Pilgrim Fathers" (Houghton Mifflin; $5 net). The notes are sufficient to meet scholarly needs, as is also the introduction; nevertheless, there should have been included some reference to the picturesque life of John Pory, for no one can read his lively description of the infant colony at Plymouth and not wish to know something about the author. The volume contains, in addition to other facsimiles, reproductions of Smith's issue of Norwood's map of the Bermudas as published in the 1624 edition of the "Generall Historie," and Norwood's map of the Bermudas as first published complete in 1626. The edition of this little book, outwardly and inwardly charming, is limited to 365 copies.

OF his book, "Religion—Its Prophets and False Prophets" (Macmillan; $1.50), Dr. James Bishop Thomas tells us that it is "a study of the historic conflict between the two types of religion—the prophetic and exploiting," in the course of which he "states and traces the issue between disinterested prophets of religion and those who have sought or been led to professionalize religion as a means to a career." From the mass of material at his disposal Dr. Thomas endeavors to exhibit "the pure and unmixed type of a universal religion which is the core of Christianity," in contrast with the religion which is corrupted by the accidental accretions of centuries of sacerdotalism and hierarchic monopoly. In brief, the author would have us believe that "the world's greatest need, as in the past, so to-day, is to understand and follow the Christianity of Christ," as distinguished from "historic Christianity," in order that the economic and social order may be "reformed according to the Christian principle of the law of service." As a contribution to the study of the philosophy of religion the book is not uninteresting. Typographically it is not free from blunders, among which may be mentioned μίος τῶν ἀνθρώπων—a glaring monstrosity.

The Chinquapin Trail

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

THIMBLEBERRY, salmonberry, mountain ash, and chinquapin,
Hard-hack, black cap, elderberry blue,
Blackberry, huckleberry, rhododendron, sword fern,
Woolly manzanita—to be riding through
The heavy brush about the trail, at dusk once more!
When all the gold is spilling on the sky's wide floor!

Indian plum and squaw grass, paint brush, and mountain balm,
Dwarf maple, buck brush, once so commonplace!
Spiræa and syringa, chaparral and hazel,
Maple leaves that tremble, and the great black trace
Of a fir across the sky; and quick as fear
Drops the dark upon the trail. . . . And now I'm here—

Far from whisk of chipmunk or rush of furry gray-squirrel.
Chinquapin and squaw grass are half a world away!
The sun goes down on No-Man's-Land, and dusk is on the trenches,
And there's never a cow-pony, at the end of day,
To go with down the cañon, with the mountain shrubs around me.
But some day I'll go back and ride, and greet them all,
Chinquapin and squaw grass and grape and chaparral!

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Drama

Yiddish Plays

THE Yiddish drama in some of its aspects has long been familiar to those dwelling or visiting in New York to whom the foreign-language theatres offer a welcome contrast to the monotony of our native scene. In the theatres of the East Side, where Jacob Gordin used to produce his plays and where Jacob Adler used to act in Shakespeare or in melodrama with equal fervor, one learned to understand the appeal of the crude but effective popular drama, expressed in the ugly jargon that is an offence to the ear, but that appears to have a homely vigor of its own. There is always the vividness of life in these plays; there is always a fiery vitality in the acting that atones for its grotesque exaggeration and other sins against a discriminating taste; and there is an intensity of response on the part of the audience that almost transmutes base metal into dramatic gold. Few considered these products of the Yiddish theatre seriously as drama, however; but in recent years the Jewish theatre has followed the Irish theatre in attempting to develop a literary drama of its own.

The employment of Yiddish in literary form began after 1881, when the anti-Jewish riots and legal discrimination brought about a national awakening. Of the younger group of Yiddish writers of stories and plays, David Pinski and Sholom Ash have achieved dramatic force and sometimes beauty with the "jargon of servant-maids." David Pinski, although the author of twenty-seven plays, has hitherto been known to American readers chiefly through "The Treasure," written in 1906, a striking satirical comedy. This new volume, "Three Plays" (Huebsch; $1.50), will enable them better to appreciate his range as a dramatist.

"Isaac Sheftel," Pinski's first long play, written in 1899 in Berlin, is a characteristic example of the plays treating of the Jewish working class; although Isaac is not so much the embodiment of a racial or class problem as of the individual whose creative power is thwarted by outside forces, environment, and heredity. There is here not the large view, the human vision of Hauptmann's "The Weavers," although one feels the burning indignation and the glowing sympathy for the exploited. Isaac is the dreaming inventor of a Russian ghetto, an industrial serf who must sell his inventions for a pittance to his employer in the factory. The squalor, the crowding, the pressure of humanity that mark the poverty familiar to dwellers in all great cities of our vaunted civilization are here made real. The filthy, damp, revoltingly ugly cellar home is painted with an appalling fidelity that recalls Gorki's "The Lower Depths," but the cruelty of this inferno is not relieved by the philosophic idealism of the Russian outcasts. All the characters are fiercely materialistic, from Isaac's relentless, bitter, nagging wife to his fellow-workmen that scoff at him as a madman—all except Isaac himself and his mad father, who drawls monotonously, "Dead. Dead. All heaven is dead. Earth is dead. God is dead." Isaac's sudden outburst of rage against his employer, culminating in his smashing his machine, is a dramatic climax as effective as his suicide. Technically there are many defects in this early play, but there is no denying the author's gift of characterization and his power to create an atmosphere of gloom.

The tragedy, "The Last Jew," written in 1904, again represents an idealist in a vain struggle against external forces in the person of Reb Mayshe, the old preacher. The author says, "This is not a pogrom-tragedy, but the tragedy of a sole survivor, the tragedy of a moribund religion, of a crumbling world-philosophy." "Die Familie Zwie," as the play is known in Yiddish, was acted in New York in Russian in 1905–6, when Paul Orlenev brought over the remarkable company that has given Madame Nazimova to the American stage. The spiritual fervor of the Jewish race is personified in the old grandfather; its money-grubbing materialism in his son Yekef; while the three grandsons represent three developments of modern Jewish thought—the artistic skepticism that advocates assimilation with the Gentiles, Zionism, and humanitarian Socialism. Under the strain of the pogrom each reacts according to his temperament and his creed. The old man, deserted by his flock, some fleeing in terror, some compromising through self-interest, stands alone, "the last Jew, the solitary survivor of a departed race." His death at sunset in the synagogue, with a dumb madwoman alone faithful to him, is finely conceived, and his grandson's closing speech, "The old order has departed. And now——?" is a fitting epitaph for this impressive, if tiresome, fanatic.

"The Dumb Messiah," written in 1911, is a romantic treatment of the expulsion of the Jews from France in 1306, in which the frustrated attempt to establish his people in Palestine leads to the hero's suicide. In all these plays the characterization is remarkable for its vividness and color, though the characters, with their passionate emotional expression and sudden irrational reactions, perforce seem exaggerated to colder Occidentals. The plays, too, despite their lack of variety, their want of humor, their preoccupation with the tragedy of disillusionment and failure, their technical imperfection, throb with life. The machinery of play writing is forgotten because one feels "the very pulse of the machine."

While love plays an almost negligible part in these plays of Pinski, it forms the very root, stock, and branch of the powerful and repellent drama of Sholom Ash entitled "The God of Vengeance" (Boston: The Stratford Company; $1 net). Ash, who is perhaps the most popular writer of Yiddish fiction to-day, has a story to tell here—a sensational story, in which paternal love, sensual love, and orthodox piety are in tragic conflict. The play is too revolting in setting and characters to be acceptable on any American stage to-day, although it has been performed in nearly a dozen Continental countries and has been translated into as many languages. The old theme that the sins of the father are visited upon the children is here worked out in a loathsome environment among creatures of the gutter with a brutal frankness unmitigated save for a curious strain of sensuous, Oriental poetry. The play is, indeed, Oriental to the core. A comparison with "Mrs. Warren's Profession," which turns on the same sordid subject, only emphasizes that here are two civilizations worlds apart, in which a like retribution falls on those that "lived one life and believed in another."

M. C. D.

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Finance

The Supreme Court of American Finance

THE crisis that has arisen in the affairs of the Federal Reserve Board through the retirement of Mr. Warburg and Mr. Delano gives interest to the extraordinary position which this body has come to occupy as a consequence of the financial complications growing out of the war and the extension of American interests in foreign fields. When the Board took office, four years ago, no one knew what its influence might be, for our new banking system was still an experiment, and some of the best-known financiers entertained serious doubts as to its usefulness for a nation which for half a century had been brought up to think that banknote circulation, if it is to be secure, must have a Government bond behind it.

The change, accordingly, from a bond-secured currency to currency based upon commercial paper would have been, under normal conditions, about as radical a one as the world of finance had yet seen. To effect this change, however, at a time when the world markets were convulsed with the panicky demonstrations attending the early days of the war, was a task calling for the most intelligent leadership which the American financial community could develop. The members of the Federal Reserve Board took the oath of office on August 10, 1914, just ten days after the war began, but the Federal Reserve Bank system provided by the act of December 23, 1913, was not formally introduced until November 16, 1914, when the twelve Federal Reserve banks began business.

Several weeks before the machinery of the system was introduced, however, bankers, business men, ship owners, foreign exchange experts, and representatives of great trade centres in the United States and Europe flocked to Washington to talk over with the members of the Federal Reserve Board the best means of solving the intricate problems incident to the war crisis. Practically every leading country in Europe had declared a moratorium of longer or shorter duration, and the resulting disturbance of international finance had created a situation which was unparalleled in the history of the great markets. It was with such conditions that the members of the Federal Reserve Board were called upon to cope before the mechanism of the twelve Federal Reserve banks had been set in motion.

Their success in helping to restore order out of the chaotic conditions which prevailed throughout the world won for the Board nation-wide respect, and has led the public to look upon it as a sort of supreme court of American finance. There is no other Government board like it. The Bank of England directorate does not wield such great power and has not the authority possessed by the five men who, with the Secretary of the Treasury and the Controller of the Currency, make up our Federal Reserve Board. For these reasons, President Wilson may be expected to make the most careful search for the two men whom he is to appoint in place of Mr. Warburg and Mr. Delano. The Board has interesting times ahead of it, not alone during the war period, but also in the days when the great questions connected with the restoration of peace force the nation to reorganize its activities on normal lines.

Inasmuch as the passage of the Federal Reserve act is regarded by many as the most important legislative achievement of the present Administration, it is natural that the President should be zealous of the Federal Reserve Board's high reputation for splendid public service. The Board has been kept wholly free from politics, as it must be if it is to serve the people in the future as it has in the past. Our banking system now commands the admiration of the world, not alone because of the central machinery that has been provided, but also because of the broad statesmanship and splendid ability with which it has been administered during the most critical four-year period in the history of world finance. European financiers are watching this development with keen interest. Such a recognized expert as Sir Edward H. Holden has said that our banking system "surpasses in strength and excellence any other banking system in the world."

WILLIAM JUSTUS BOIES

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Kirkland, W. The Joys of Being a Woman. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

The Writings of Ivan Panin. Grafton, Mass.: Published by the Author. $2.50.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Divine, C. City Ways and Company Streets. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.

Kirk, W. F. Songs of Sergeant Swanson. Small, Maynard.

FICTION

Knibbs, H. H. Tang of Life. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Sidgwick, E. Jamesie. Small, Maynard. $1.50 net.

Underwood, E. W. The Whirlwind. Small, Maynard. $1.50 net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Bacon-Foster, C. Clara Barton, Humanitarian. Washington: Columbia Historical Society.

Betha Colaim Chille: Life of Columcille. Compiled by M. O'Donnell in 1532. Edited and translated by A. O'Kelleher and G. Schoepperle. Urbana: University of Illinois. $3.50.

Further Indiscretions by a Woman of No Importance. Dutton. $5 net.

Hasanovitz, E. One of Them. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

The Papers of Thomas Ruffin. Vol. I. Collected and edited by J. G. de R. Hamilton. Publications of the North Carolina Historical Commission.

SOCIAL SCIENCE

Ellingwood, A. R. Departmental Coöperation in State Government. Macmillan. $2.50.

Giddings, F. H. The Responsible State. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Jenks, E. The Government of the British Empire. Little, Brown. $2 net.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

The New Testament. Translated and arranged by C. F. Kent. Scribner. $1 net.

EDUCATIONAL

Beard, C. A., and Bagley, W. C. The History of the American People. Macmillan. $1.20.

Callaway, M. Studies in the Syntax of the Lindisfarne Gospels. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

Gordy, W. F. Abraham Lincoln. Scribner. $1 net.

Gordy, W. F. Our Patriots. Scribner. 50 cents.

Greene, F. N. My Country's Voice. Scribner. 50 cents.

Hastings, F. S. Modern Navigation. Appleton. 75 cents net.

Koller, A. H. The Theory of Environment. Part I. Menasha, Wis.: George Banta Publishing Co.

Synon, M. My Country's Part. Scribner. 50 cents.

Winslow, C. E. A. Healthy Living. Book One. Charles E. Merrill Company.

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